
TO THE
AUTHOR

Of the following

P O E M S.

*T*O speak of Merit in Impartial Lays,
 And without Flattery a Friend to praise,
 For this the Muse shall strike the Vocal Lyre,
 And sing in Numbers which Thy Works Inspire,
 Who feels your Sorrow with a Sigh sincere,
 And 'spite of Resolution drops a Tear.
 Tho' clouded like the Sun thy Genius shines
 Thro' Fortune's Mist in Bright Immortal Lines,

a

Like

Titlepage transposed

*Like Martyrs from Affliction stronger grows,
 Nor drooping sinks beneath a Weight of Woes :
 Not so cou'd OVID in His Exile write ;
 The Heart-felt Anguish check'd His Tow'ring Flight ;
 His Theme no longer was the Blooming Fair,
 But sung in dying Notes His own Despair.
 When modern sing-song panegyrick Bards,
 Whom CIBBER praises, and the Court rewards,
 In dark Oblivion shall forgotten lie,
 Except preserv'd by Chance beneath a Pye,
 With Rapture shall Posterity rehearse
 To their admiring Sons Thy lasting Verse.*

*Since HORACE flourish'd in AUGUSTUS' Court,
 (For Men of Wit and Taste the Gay Resort)
 None but the British Bards with Ease cou'd sing,
 Or touch with Equal Skill the Roman String,
 From their rude Hands the Lyre dropp'd idely down,
 Because they were not Lineal to the Throne.*

Tho'

*Tho' STEPHEN'S Muse in Humble Metre flows,
 And warbles Numbers near ally'd to Prose,
 Thy Genius gives a Lustre to His Rhimes,
 And such a Bard may live to Future Times.
 So modern B—sh—ps by Translation thrive,
 And Drones receive the Labours of the Hive.*

*Had Fortune shone with an Auspicious Ray,
 And gilded with Her Beams Thy Natal Day,
 The World had lost the Labours of your Brain,
 And PHOEBUS had Inspir'd Thy Breast in vain;
 But now what Glory will reward your Toil,
 If when the Goddess frown the Muses smile?
 And sure that is the most distinguish'd Fame
 Which rises from your own, not Father's Name.*

11 7 19

London, April 21, 1738.

CON.

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And such a kind may live to future Times
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ERRATA.

PAGE 5, Line 16, instead of *Intenti Vocibus*, read *Vocibus Intenti*. p. 13. l. 15. for *two* read *tuque*. p. 29. l. 11. for *carmine* read *carmina*. p. 34. l. 1. instead of *Thracias* read *Thracias*. p. 54. l. 4. for *blest'd* read *blest*. p. 76. l. 3, 4. for *Carolese* read *Carlese*. p. 77. l. 1. for *in* read *ni*. p. 81. l. 7. for *fluctans* read *fluitans*. p. 123. l. 13. for *Mother* read *Parent*. p. 135. l. 2. instead of *Cast, a Dread d'er*, read *Cast a dread Terror d'er*.

SHUNAMITIS
POEMA
STEPHANI DUCK

Latine redditum.

VOS, ô cœlestes Musæ, aspirate canenti,
Nam vestrum est cœleste melos; Rex maxime
(Cœli

Invoco præcipue; venias in vota secundus

O Deus, & tangas divino flamine pectus;

Umbrosum seu te Carmel, sacrive fluentum

Jordani tenet, huc adsis, numerisque vigorem

Sufficias dum me laudes tibi dicere læto

Accingam cantu, moveasque Rebella corda

B

Isacidum,

Ifacidûm, ut memori condant sub pectore voces.

Talibus orabat dictis Shunamia mater ;
 Undique Judæi procures, populique frequentes
 Agglomerant ; tum mentem inflata, & numine plena
 Sic canere incepit : vos, ô Abrâmia proles,
 Arrectas adhibete aures ; laudare Jehovam
 Mens jubet, atque Dei miracula ferre per orbem :
 Cum Conforte tori multos feliciter annos
 Exegi, Domino lectissima munera cœli
 Non parcâ fundente manu, semperque patebat
 Externis domus Hospitium, solamen Egenis.
 Virtutem suadens, divinaque jussa capeffens
 Has olim terras celebravit Elisha, Laresque
 Non semel ad nostros venit gratissimus Hospes ;
 Ille quidem titulos, & quæ fert gratia regum
 Obtulit haud animi ingratus, sed non ego tali
 Mente utens, dixi, O vates, Deus optimus almam
 Concessit terram quâ pleno Copia manat

Flu-

Flumine; quod satis est fruimur, non plura rogamus;
 Accedant Regum turres & Martia castra
 Quæis levis ambitio, fugitivaque gloria cordi est,
 Aurea sollicitæ tentent & vincula pompæ;
 Me ducit natale solum, quo degere vitam
 Stat mihi, nec lucro placidam mutare quietem;
 Hic etenim nudus vestes, fessusque viator
 Inveniat requiem, hoc vano prælucet honori
 Qui tegit internos luctus, fucatque dolores.
 Purpureo Satrapas decorant Insignia cultu,
 Et splendore rudis perstringunt lumina vulgi,
 Sed rarò pullæ dispergunt nubila curæ.

Progenie exceptâ, Cœlum dulcissimâ vitæ
 Præbuerat; quod cum Vatis pervenit ad aures,
 Me vocat; ut veni, tollit se sede propheta,
 Nec tum eadem facies, nec vox, nec forma loquenti;
 (Delphicus haud quali vultus feritate Sacerdos
 Apparet, rabidum stimulat cum pectus Apollo,
 Edit & infani figmenta Oracula sensus;)
 Mortali at plusquam facies suffusa decore

Effulfit, cœleste jubar radiavit in ore
 Dicentis; salve mulier carissima Cœlo!
 Non latuere Deum virtutes, præmiâ solvet
 Digna, dabitque utero sterili producere natum.
 Sic vates; & mox jucundo pondere sensim
 Intumuit venter, promissam enixaque prolem
 Lætabar; subito volitabat fama per urbes
 Vicinas; puerum extemplo venere gregatim
 Spectatum affines; placidis cum vocibus omnes
 Gaudia fudissent, grato sic ore canebam:

O Cœli Genitor, numeros quis laudibus æquos
 Inveniat? Quis fando dei miracula pandat?
 Te Domino mandante, liquefcet faxea rupes
 In glebam, & croceis prægnans flavebit aristas.
 Aurea desertum decorabit Copia, lætis
 Ridebunt uvis Arabumque inculta locorum.

Talia dicentem populi clamore secundo
 Sic interpellant, & complent murmure cœlum:

O Deus

O Deus Omnipotens! quàm vasta potentia regni est
 Confessi, nomen sancto laudamus honore.
 Cuncta tuo parent sceptro, naturaque jussis
 Auscultans, linquit soliti vestigia cursus.
 Nos tibi pro tali grates persolvere dignas
 Munere conamur, præsens his annue votis,
 Ut vires puero, sic crescant gaudia matri:
 Natali porro vates qui præfuit horæ
 Consiliis animum vitæ per lubrica ducat;
 Et vos, aligeri folium cœleste ministri
 Stipantes, tenerâ virtutis femina mente
 Spargite, dumque haustu vitalis vescitur auræ
 Præsidio munite, & cum mors occupat artus,
 Tunc efferte—— manum hic movit matrona, silenti
 Morigeri jussu cuncti tacuere, futuris
 Intenti vecibus, quas mœsto hæc edidit ore:

Mortales miseri! tantùm imperfecta supremis
 Gaudia libamus labris, & nubila luctûs

Letitia

Lætitiæ imbelles radios ferrugine tingunt:
 Antè revolventes quam bis septem egerat annos
 Progenies (adeo brevis est & summa voluptas)
 Visendi studio correpta exivit in arva
 Messores, & flaventes longo ordine fasces
 Erectos, oculisque arrisit lutea scena;
 Sed jubar aut Phœbus nimiùm vibravit acutum,
 Aut inimica aura, aut subiti coiëre dolores
 Maturare necem; pater ô! succurre dolenti
 Dixit, at incassum; penitus vigor artubus ægris
 Languit, & rosei vultum liquere colores.

Tanti fama mali nostras cito pertigit aures,
 Atque aderat subito moribunda in limine proles;
 Indulgens ivi collo dare brachia circum;
 Quid puerum cruciat dixi? gemitu ille profundo
 Respondit, vox & morienti faucibus hæsit.
 Tentavi mœrens rabiem lenire dolendi,
 Tentavi frustra; quatit æger anhelitus artus
 Pallentes, Fati instantis certissimus Index:

Illico

Illico frigebant vitalia flumina venis,
 Nutavitque æger lethali pondere vertex;
 Ter conatus erat gremio se attollere & impos:
 Ter cecidit, gemitu vitamque amisit in auras:
 Non aliter quàm cum tenerâ radice colonus
 Nutrivit vitem, ramos docilesque plicavit,
 Sithoniumve gelu, vel mordet noxius Euri:
 Surgentem flatus, vani pereuntque labores..

Frigescens horrore steti, perque ima cucurrit
 Ossâ tremor; lacrymas fuderunt lumina, & imbre:
 Continuo maduere genæ; vix corde dolorem
 Sustinui; demum sed lingua silentia rupit,
 Et tristi querulas emisit pectore voces:

O quàm mortales animos incerta voluptas
 Deliciis brevibus mulcet, fugit inde caduca,
 Par vacuæ nubi, volucrique simillima vento!
 Nil autem lugere juvat, non vita redibit
 In gelidum corpus, pulcroque cadaveri eundum est

In noctem æternam, & tenebræ viscera terræ.
 Sed culpæ Deum, fatoque edicere leges
 Non nostrum est; miro proles fuit edita partu,
 Nec magè sit mirandum, animet si spiritus auræ
 Exsanguis artus, sedem repetatque priorem.
 Si properem ad Carmel, forsan lenimen amaris
 Accedat curis; vatis valere potentes
 Fœcundare preces sterilem, votisque favente
 Numine, dissolvat frigentia vincula mortis.
 Tishbites viduæ Natum revocavit ab umbris;
 Nec Famam est Factis fortitus Elisha minorem:
 Jordani rapidum pallâ cum venit ad amnem
 Percussit fluctus, hinc atque hinc flumina currunt
 Divisa, & liquidis stipant vestigia muris.
 Per multas messes tellus Jerichoa colonis
 Haud æqua assiduis herbas produxit inertes;
 Sed mandante illo flavis ridebat aristis,
 Pestiferi fontes undasque dedere salubres.
 Dilectum cœlo vatem non dulcia sola,
 Ast & acerba manent penès, ingentemque procacis

Ultorem

Ultorem linguæ sensit Bethelia Pubes.
 Prætereâ, quando Moabitæ fœdera turmæ
 Fregêre, & frustra coiêre rebellibus armis
 Isacidûm turbare manus, in bella Cohortes
 Duxit Idumeæ * Princeps deserta per oræ;
 Quà non arentem mulcebant aëra venti,
 Nec puri ficcis manabant fontibus amnes;
 Oppressit fitis ægra duces, sociæque Phalanges
 Defecêre animis, a Te tum, magne propheta,
 Auxilium petiêre Duces, nec inane petebant:
 Namque ubi jussisti, tellus humebat obortis
 Fluminibus, campique liquens solvuntur in æquor;
 Non major tellurem uistam rorarit aquarum
 Copia, cum faxa Amramides mollivit in undas.
 Quemve unquam fugiet facinus mirabile factu,
 Multiplicando oleum viduæ cum debita solvit?
 Talia qui fecit (votis modò Conditor orbis
 Annuat,) exanimi det morte resurgere nato.

* Jehoram.

C

Sic

Sic fata, imposui puerum malè mœsta cubili
 Quo vates dormire solet, iussique parari
 Quadrupedem; at tristis conjux abrumpere frustra
 Propositum tentabat iter, dictisque monebat:
 Non Deus æthereo vatis nunc flamine tangit
 Pectora, neve illi est arcana recludere fati;
 Cui sic respondi: cur spem compescere quæris
 Surgentem? Vulgi ritus, & vana dierum
 Nomina non mihi sunt curæ, Deus Optimus illi
 Semper adest, precibusque benignas exhibet aures.
 Hæc ubi dicta dedi, frænis per plana viarum
 Laxatis properavit Equus, Passuque citato
 Deveni terram celso quâ vertice Carmel
 Surgit, odorato recreatque cacumine cœlum;
 Qua vitis placidam ramis contextuit umbram
 Confedit Vates; Zephyri lufère tepentes
 Per nemus, & leni frondes movère susurro.
 Procubui prona ante pedes, tremulâque prehensens
 Genua manu, plenas effudi luctui habenas:

Materno dixit parce indulgere dolori,
 Non lacrymæ possunt fati mutare tenorem;
 Accendit Deus, aut extinguit lampada vitæ
 Ad libitum; mandare suum, succumbere nostrum est;
 Vult omnes Natura mori; certa urna paratur
 Omnibus, & mors non pœna est, nisi talis habetur.
 Nostra tamen magnum si tangant vota Tonantem,
 Ipsa regustabis redivivo gaudia nato.
 Sic ait, & baculo defigit lumina, servum
 Ad se deinde vocat; dixitque, hoc leniter ora
 Pone super pueri, jussum ille exêgit herile.

O nostræ, inclamo, spes certa & sola salutis!
 Da mihi te facilem; non fas est credere servo
 Tantæ molis opus: si tu mecum ire recuses,
 Auritas mœsto vites clamore movebo,
 Et natum plorans, & tristia pectora plangens
 Vocales luctum montes resonare docebo.
 Plura fui dictura, dolor sed verba repressit;

At lacrymæ & gemitus habuêrunt pondera vocis.

Motus erat tandem questu, sedemque virentem
 Liquit, & aërii descendit vertice montis
 Ad Shunam tendens, propero via longaue cursu
 Correpta optatas oculis mox obtulit arces;
 Ad portam nobis sese dedit obuius altam
 Regrediens servus: pallentes plumbeus artus
 Mortis adhuc pueri tenuit sopor, intima donec
 Fatidicus miseri intravit penetralia tecti.

 'Multa animo volvens juxta stetit ille cadaver,
 Lugentesque seorsum excedere jussit amicos;
 Deinde preces fundens afflavit lumine cassum
 Corpus, & extemplo distendit flamine venas
 Purpureo sanguis, vitalem membra vigorem
 Senferunt, victum cessitque ignobile lethum.
 Sic cædi invigilans balantis ab ubere matris
 Quando agnum lupo eripuit, ferus ore cruento
 Dilacerat; sed si venientem forsitan audit

Pastorem,

Pastorem, indignans, tamen actus linquere prædam,
Præcipitatque fugam, completque ululatibus agros.

Nunc vates cupidis dat natum amplectier ulnis,
Cui mage purpureo vultus rubuere colore,
Atque oculi plusquàm solito fulgore micabant.
Non aliter quàm cùm Phœbus, fulgente coruscum
Qui vehit axe diem, tegitur caliginis umbrâ ;
Cum primo auricomum tenebris caput exerit atris
Splendidius vibrat jubar, aut vibrare videtur.

Definit hic matrona loqui, numerosaque turba
Respondens junctis sic claudit vocibus hymnum :
Armipotens Deus ! Imperii quàm dirigis æquâ
Fræna manu, vitamque viris vel funera misces !
Te globus immensus Terræ, te lucida summi
Regna poli agnoscunt Dominum ; tuo inclyte mundi
Sol Decus ætherei qui complens lumine cælum,
Redde Deo laudes, cum gurgite surgis Eoo,
Hesperio & rutilos cum mergis in æquore currus.

Tu

Tu noctis Regina argentea Luna, minores
 Vosque Ignes qui luce aspergitis aëris amplos
 Cærulei tractus, vos O campique liquentes
 Marmoris æquorei, Regem laudate Jehovah,
 Horrida flammanti torquentem fulmina dextrâ.
 Vos fontes, amnes vitrei, & vaga flumina cursus
 Finditis ut liquidos, meritas persolvite laudes.
 Vos omnes, densæ nebulæ pluviiq; vapores
 Surgentes laudate Deum, laudate cadentes.
 At vos, Ifacidæ, pleno qui ducitis haustu
 Dulcia dona Dei, & toties miracula magna
 Vidistis, celebrate perenni nomen honore.

PARS

PARS TERTII CAPITIS Prophetæ
HABAKKUK.

Fulgore cinctus terribili Deus
Teman relinquens, & Paran arduum,

Complevit orbem dignitate

Et liquidi spatia ampla cœli;

Mors multiformis prævolat, & lues

Horrenda, morborum agmine lurido

Stipatus incedit; voraces

Sub pedibus glomerantur ignes.

Emenfus orbem luminibus, gravem

Mundi timorem gentibus incutit:

In plana subfedere colles,

Et refugi tremuere montes.

Magno

Magno feroces Æthiopas metu
 Vidi paventes ; vidi ego territos
 Orbes remotos, & trementem
 Horrisono Midian tumultu.

Vidêre Rivi Te pavidî ; juga
 Vidêre Te, Te flumina, & intimis
 Terrore perculsi cavernis
 Æquorei gemuêre fluctus.

Caliginosâ nocte premit polum ;
 Sistit fugaces Sol pavitans equos,
 Nec triste pallens Luna curat
 Noctivagos agitare cursus.

Sensere Gentes quid Deus impiæ
 Possit Jacobi: terribilem quatit
 Hastam, feruntur dum sagittæ
 Lethiferis per inane pennis.

Fluenta

Fluenta cursu præcipiti retrò
 Volvere fluctus; attonitus petit
 Jordanus urnam, dum triumphans
 Per trepidas equitavit undas.

Tantæ ruinæ dum Sonitus minax
 Perstringit aures, faucibus obruta
 Vox hæret, imas & pavores
 Horrifici penetrant medullas.

Si terra fructus edere desinat,
 Natura languens si pereat, canam
 Te Principem terræ, Jehovah,
 Te superi Dominumque cæli.

D Ad

Ad AMICUM.

CAROLE, dispeream si sit mihi gratior ulla
 Litera, quam vestra charta notata manu;
 Quò magè perlegi, magè delectavit ocellos,
 Sed te plus nimio conqueror esse brevem;
 Copia verborum multò jucundior esset,
 O malè deliciis invidiose meis!
 Tristitia si quæras cur sint mihi carmina cordi;
 Conveniunt forti carmina mæsta meæ.
 Qualis in Exilium Romanis actus ab oris
 Flebilibus lufit Naso poëta modis,
 Qualiter aut flevit crudelem questus amicam,
 Fugit ut amplexus dura Corinna suos;
 Lugubris absentes sic plorat Musa sodales,
 Sic trahit infauftam tardior hora diem;
 Non aures mulcent arguti ad vina lepores,
 Non jacet in cupido blandula nympha sinu;
 Hinc curæ accedunt, hinc surgit origo doloris;
 At nostri superest altera causa mali:

Annua

Annua vicini celebrabant festa coloni,
 Ornabat dubias rustica pompa dapes,
 Ruricolæ venêre viri, venêre puellæ,
 Edidit & gracilem tibia flata sonum.
 Unica de multis perstrinxit lumina nymphis,
 Me mihi purpureæ furripuêre genæ;
 Qualiter umbrosis incedit montibus Hæmi
 Virgineo Dryadum Delia cincta choro,
 Lascivis præbet vestem diffundere ventis,
 Ludunt ambrosiæ colla per alba comæ.
 Haud secus hæc motu nymphas supereminet omnes,
 Et roseo placidam spirat ab ore necem.
 Fervebant Paphiâ concurrere membra palæstrâ,
 Ossâ repentinus tangit & ima calor;
 Dixi blanditias, dixi molliissima verba,
 Sed manet irato furdior Illa mari;
 O! si casta minùs, minùs aut formosa fuisset,
 Sprevissem Cyprii spicula vana Dei.
 Ut pellam curas, & fallam tædia vitæ
 Jam propero Aonias sollicitare Deas.

Quid facis, infœlix? pergis dare vela procellis?

Adversis demens fluctibus ire paras?

Incaſſum tentas diſpergere nubila fortis,

Tanto erit haud præſens muſa medela malo.

Stamine quàm nigro ducunt mea fila ſorores!

Hei mihi, quàm miſero vita tenore fluit!

Oxonium peterem, ſed Tonſor, Sartor, & Hoſpes

Nomina ſunt ipſo penè temenda ſono.

Tu fieres longi, cariffime, meta doloris,

Àſpera ſed mihi te, me tibi fata negant.

Non ſemper rutilos obſcurant nubila cœlos,

Non ſemper tumidis volvitur æquor aquis,

Haud aliter mutet vultus fortuna ſeveros,

Et veniat votis mollior aura meis.

Sed donec mihi te reddat felicior hora,

Hinc eat & redeat mutua charta. Vale.

Ad

Ad JOANNEM G—S—NUM, Equitem.

Pellicum, G—f—ne, animosus hostis,
Per minus castas Druriæ tabernas

Lenis incedens abeas Diones

Æquus Alumnis.

Nuper (ah dictu miserum!) *Olivera*

Flevit ereptas viduata mæchas,

Quas tuum vidit genibus minores

Ante tribunal.

Dure, cur tantâ in Veneris ministras

Æstuas ira? posito furore

Huc ades, multâ & preece te vocantem

Gratior audi!

Nonne fat mæchas malè feriatas

Urget infestis fera sors procellis?

Adderis quid tu ulterior puellis

Causa doloris?

Incolunt cheu! thalamos supernos,

Nota quæ fedes fuerat Poëtis;

Nec

Nec domum argento gravis ut solebat

Dextra revertit.

Nympha quæ nuper nituit theatro

Nunc stat obscuro misera angiportu,

Supplici vellens tunicam rogatque

Voce Lyæum.

Te voco rebus Druriæ ruentis ;

Voce communi Britonum Juventus

Te vocat, nunc ô ! dare te benignum

Incipe votis.

Singulum tunc dona feret lupanar :

Liberum mittet *Rosa* Lusitanum,

Gallici *Haywarda* & generosa mittet

Munera Bacchi ;

Sive te forsan moveat libido,

Aridis pellex requiescet ulnis

Callida effætas renovare lento

Verbere vires.

Ad

Ad AMICUM.

QUÀ potior sanus tibi, *Carole*, mitto salutem;

Sed præter solitum te tacuisse queror:

Cynthia decrevit, lucemque coegit in orbem,

Nec venit ad nostras litera lenta manus.

Quæ legis ex illis scribo, carissime, campis

Quos * *Ninus* placidis lambit amænus aquis.

Aspice ut Autumnus ridentem temperat annum

Effundens pleno munera larga sinu;

Mitior æstivâ, brumali mitior aurâ,

Ut nimis hæc friget, sic nimis illa calet.

Luxuriat roseis vindemia læta racemis,

Nectareoque tumet penfils uva mero.

Tempora maturant fructus, & poma coloni

Frugiferae carpunt aurea dona Deæ.

Agricolæ dociles ducunt ad aratra juvencos,

Et dant sæcundo semina flava solo.

* Fluvius in comitatu Northampt.

Phœbus ut exoriens perfundit lumine cœlum

Venator volucres cogit in arva canes.

Piscibus infidior vitrei stans margine rivi,

Dum lenis tremulo murmurat aura sono.

Grandia Mœonii miror modo carmina Cygni,

Ut struxit proprium perfida Troja rogam;

Ardentesque duces, & pingues sanguine campos,

Et video hostiles bella movere Deos.

Quem non mellitæ tangit facundia linguæ

Dum ciet Argolicas Nestor ad arma manus?

Quantus Achilleis fulget Patroclus in armis

Dum vibrat Lycio tela tremenda duci!

Pars nulla immensi ridet mihi gratior orbis,

Non habet angellum terra Britannia parem;

O Cereri & Baccho tellus carissima! fruges

Prodigus haud parcâ spargit uterque manu:

Optima Campano non cedit vitis Iaccho,

Certat & Hesperio nobilis Alla mero.

Hæc plaga formosis splendet ditissima nymphis,

Et superat Paphia regna beata Deæ;

Singula

Singula quot nitidis exultat villa puellis !

Quàm patet in nostros Area lata modos !

Gaudia quantumvis mihi fundere rura videntur,

Delicii sine te debilis umbra manet.

Quando erit ut videam caros dilecte sodales ?

O mihi Theseâ pectora juncta fide !

Optatum ad portum me mollior aura reducet,

Et spero faciles in mea vota Deos ;

Sed nunc mandato claudetur Epistola parvo :

Sis nostri memor, ut sum memor Ipse Tui.

Ad GALLUM.

SI nimis longum tacui, Sodalis
Care, concedas veniam roganti,

Perlegas vultuque parum fevero

Carmen amici.

Ore seu fumum placidum Tabacci

Accipis, reddisque, humilis vel Allæ

Aridas frondes Logicæ rigantis

Pocula fumis,

Linque si possis tubulum scyphumque,

Linque si possis comites jocosos,

Et vaca paulum metricâ ligatis

Compede nugis.

Rustici nuper (quod ad umbilicum

Duxerant messëm) Cereri litabant,

Sedula & lautis epulis parabat

Villica mensas ;

Captus

Captus agrestis novitate moris

Ad dapes veni dubias vocatus,

Ebibique Allæ calices biennis

Lege solutos,

Armiger Zytho riguus potenti

Ructibus voces mutilat, jocosque

Amputans, lassas stolido cachinno

Vulnerat aures;

Majus haud monstrum generatur Illo,

Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum,

Plumbeo cui præ catulis equisque

Omnia fordent.

Sicco abhinc fluxit mihi vita cursu:

Tu rigas plenis Cyathis amicos,

Blandulâ aut quæris vacuus puellâ

Fallere noctem.

Sobrio & præter solitum pudico

Machinâ mî non opus est amicâ,

Horreo nec quos mælefana sparget

Nympha calores.

Pellice & vino careo ; sed usus

Ista me ferre edocuit, jubetque

Gaudio solari animum priori,

Speque futuri.

Ad AMICUM cum JOANNIS SECUNDI O P E R I B U S.

CArmina quæ lufit plectro levio*re Secundus*

Exiguum nostri pignus amoris habe ;

Lumine percurras facili quem Zoilus Ipse

Vix neget antiquis vatibus esse parem ;

In quo Nasonis redivivi Musa refurgit

Pandit ut Idaliæ mystica sacra Deæ ;

Phœbeos, Cypriosque ambo sensere calores,

Deperiêre pares, & cecinêre pares ;

Julia succendit natum Sulmone poëtam,

Torruit Hagensem Julia pulcra virum ;

Belgica

Belgica Romanæ non cedit Julia nympha,

Nec cedis vati, dive Secunde, suo.

Julia digna tuis, etiamque indigna Camænis,

Julia candidior, frigidiorque nive!

Quis non afficitur, cui non est causa dolendi,

Cum jacet alterius dura puella sinu?

Quis tamen afficitur, vel cui fit causa dolendi,

Sevitia relegit dum monimenta suæ?

Candida mox vicit juvenem Venerilla poëtam

Languidulis oculis, aureolisque comis;

Omnibus in vestras placuerunt carmine laudes,

Cur tibi cui voluit non, Venerilla, placent?

Salvete æternum Dominæ sacrata Neeræ

Bafia, Acidalii numine plena Dei!

Bafia, perfusi Cythereo nectare versus!

Bafia vel Cypriæ digna placere Deæ!

Incedis Paphiâ religatus tempora myrto,

Et colis Elyfias, Umbra beata, plagas;

Ecce! tibi vates assurgunt, Naso, Tibullus,

Et Flaccus Lyrici gloria magna Chori.

Te

Te socium accipiunt, videórque audire catervám

Unanimi tales edere voce sonos :

Hic vir hic est carus Phœbo, Venerisque sacerdos,

Qui cecinit Gnidiae basia dona Deæ;

O felix Juvenis ; cape præmia carmine digna,

Sisque inter Vates primus, ut Illa Deas.

AD SEXTUM.

DIVA lascivi genetrix a moris

Druriam liquit modò multùm amatam,

Et *Coventino* propiore curâ

Præsidet Horto ;

Liquit *Howardæ* thalamum protervæ,

Talbotæ liquit penetræle tecti,

Seque jam *Coxæ* Venus in decoram

Transtulit ædem ;

Regnat

Regnat hîc luxu insolito, hîc ruinæ
 Confluit pubes studiosa, mœchi
 Hîc eunt crebri redeuntque, & odit

Janua limen.

Clarior clarâ meretrix Philippâ
 Sub jugum victas juvenum catervas
 Misit, & scortis agit invidendum

Coxa triumphum ;

Fausta præ cunctis, cupidis virentes
 Quam foveant ulnis Juvenes : senilis
 Graya dum Civis ciet impotentem

Verbere penem.

Fisa sed cœlo & Zephyro secundo
 Latiùs vela haud metuens procellæ
 Explicat, sperat placidumque semper

Credula pontum ;

Mox frement venti, exitioque foeti
 Ingruent fluctus, scopuli patebunt
 Abditi, & mergent fragilem æstuosa

Æquora puppim.

Gilla

Gilla venalis stat in angiportu ;

Brookia Hawardæ celebrat culinam

Nocte pertendens riguis Iaccho

Retia mœchis.

Hooper obscœnas pedes it tabernas ;

Dura paupertas malè *Morrisonas*

Opprimit, mœchas sub inauspicato

Sydere natas.

Browniæ splendorem hebetavit ætas ;

Carlesfis turpis macies decentem

Occupat vultum, parilem dabitque

Coxa ruinam.

Integram serva ante alias amatam

Sylviam, & famam vigili tuère

Numine, huic primo, Venus, huic supremo

Annue Voto !

Præbeas si te facilem vocanti

Te colam, Diva, assiduus, sequarque

Te metûs expers, & inibo vestra

Prælia inermis.

Ir-

Irritas sed quid juvat obsecratis
Auribus futire preces? subibit
Pellicis (fera ah subeat!) dolendam

Sylvia sortem.

Cum nihil certi stabilisve Parcae
Invidæ humanæ tribuere genti,
Expedit Divum colere explicatâ

Fronte Lyæum.

Hanc mihi normam posuisti, in hæc te
Asssequar, dilecte, libens, tuoque
Eluam exemplo tetricas Oportæ

Æquore curas.

Ad

Ad S E X T U M.

Qualis Thracias exul damnatus ad oras,
 Vel riget æterno quæ Nova Zembla gelu,
 Innectit causasque moræ, lacrymisque rigatus
 Enumerat liquidæ tædia longa viæ,
 Dumque ratis vehitur spatiosa per æquora ponti,
 Respicit ad patrii littora cara soli;
 Tendebar tali depressus pectora luctu
 Ad loca deliciis invidiosa meis,
 Qua non purpurei delectant munera Bacchi,
 Qua non Idaliæ dulcia dona Deæ.
 Tunc animum absentes focii subiêre, meroque
 Irrigui risus, ambiguique sales,
 Et semper faciles in amoris furta puellæ,
 Et Lunæ signo conspicienda domus;
 Mox ruit in mentem qualis sese ore ferebat
 Sylvia, dum jacui captus amore sinu,

Brachia

Brachia dum circumque dedi, veneresque pererrans
 Fixi molliculis oscula mille genis,
 Qui titillantes repsere per ossa calores
 Mentula dum gratum cœpit amoris opus !
 Gaudia dum placido jacui languore solutus
 Fingere vix animus, pingere Musa nequit.
Sylvia, druricolas inter pulcherrima nymphas !
Sylvia lascivi gloria prima chori !
 Quando iterum tepidos liceat penetrare recessus ?
 Quando iterum roseo basia ab ore bibam ?
 Basia quæ gelidam poterint renovare senectam !
 Basia amatori digna placere Jovi !
 Quid mihi si teneat Civem *Bartona* catenis
 In coitu crebras docta movere nates ?
 Quid mihi si lascivâ *Antonia* polleat arte,
 Calleat & Venerem sollicitare manu ?
 Non mihi sunt cordi— me *Sylvia* sola perurit
 Languidulis oculis, lacteoloque sinu.
 Excitat, & nostras potis est restinguere flammâs,
 Et Peni vires Illa dat, Illa rapit.

Nunc mala fors faustis nimis, ah! nimis invida rebus

Me gremio avulsit, *Sylvia* pulcra, tuo;

Quàm malè sustinui discedens dicere longum

Cara vale, longum *Sylvia* cara vale!

Conjuge vix gemit curis propioribus Orpheus

Raptâ iterum ad Stygii lurida regna Dei.

Innumeri luctus tardant mihi temporis alas,

Et mentem nigro pondere cura premit.

Rure morans quid agam? latet alto pectore vulnus;

Nascitur haud nostris rure medela malis;

Hic uno repenti & eodem tramite surgit

Nil veniente die, nil abeunte, novi.

Diverſo longe properant tibi tempora curſu,

Singula delicias exhibet hora novas:

Nocte *Rosam* celebras hilari comitante catervâ,

Et te das fociis, tristitiamque notis;

Præ cunctis caræ libas de more puellæ

Munera Cornigeri nobiliora Dei.

Forſitan Italici te ludicra pompa theatri,

Scenæ, verſiculi rerum inopesque juvant,

Or-

Orchestrâque fedes, delectatâque canoros
 Semiviri modulos combibis aure Chori,
 Dum Reges pereunt Cygnorum more canentes,
 Tibia & imbelles inflat ad arma manus.
 Cum solitus fuadet vigor & tentiginis æstus,
 Sub signo Cypriæ bella movere Deæ,
 Aut animam niveis *Catbarinæ* effundis in ulnis,
 Aut te molliculo mulcet *Eliza* sinu.
 Scire cohors quid agit Veneri devota laboro;
 (Vix te de genere hoc ulla latere puto)
 Fertilis an mœchas misit JUVENA recentes?
 Sana quid ad præsens Scorta lupanar habet?
 Quæsitæ floretne tenax *Antonia* palmæ?
 Pellacine sedet pristinus ore decor?
 An Juvenem flammâ dignum meliore perurit
 Haud Oculis facies infidiosa meis?
 Dic, quali regnat pompâ REGINA CORINTHI,
 Et quos jam lactat luxuriosa procos;
 An gemmis magè quàm formâ spectanda theatro
 Fulget adhuc nitidi publica cura Chori?

Postremum

Postremum liceat de te mihi pauca rogare :

Quæ jam venali Laïs amore capit ?

Congrederisne ferox Penem circumdatus armis,

An ruis Idaliæ nudus ad acta Deæ ?

An pellex malefana accendit in Inguine flammæ,

Et pateris telo vulnera facta tuo ?

Sed te (ni fallor) fecere pericula cautum,

Et toties passum spero carere malis.

Quot tecum noctes vinoque jocisque dicavi !

Heu ! meminisse piget, dum meminisse juvat ;

Te mœsto quamvis mala fors sejunxit amico,

Solvere amicitiae vincula firma nequit.

Concelebres alio si terras sole calentes,

Te nulla ex animo deleat hora meo.

Accipe vota precor (mihi nil nisi vota supersunt)

Det fortuna tibi quod mihi dura negat ;

Liber & alma Venus tibi dona perennia fundant,

Et fallat noctem Diva, Deusque diem.

Ad

Ad SEXTUM.

DUM frequens cultor Veneris, puellas

Insequens circum nemora uvidique

Marginem Cami, Paphiâ fatigas

Membra palæstrâ;

Ipse furtivos meditans amores

Inguine erecto & tenui crumenâ

Nocte sublustri peto KIDNIENSEM

Fervidus Aulam;

Aut coronatis Genio culullis

Serus indulgens celebros tabernas,

Me nec, & luscum, poterit Faleri

Fallere testas

Sed parùm arguti sapiunt sodales,

Indicæ languet sapor omnis herbae,

Et minùs gratum est sine te jocosè

Munus Iacchi.

O mihi

O mihi irrupto sociate amoris
Vinculo, cum quo Cypriæ secutus
Signa sum matris, roseique cum quo

Signa Lyæi !

Quando erit Grantam ut videam tenentem
Te mei partem haud minimam, meroque
Quando erit tecum ut liceat morantem

Frangere noctem ?

Interim (quamvis mihi te negarint,
Me tibi, Parcæ) regione nostrâ
Missilis quicquid novitatis extat

Charta docebit :

Poola (ni mendax mihi falsa narrat
Fama) non pridem laqueo Tyburni
Pendula læsa est malè se secuto ex

Arbore collum.

Henlia absentem sine fine *Rufum*
Luget, & mœcho haud alio calebit,
Curam acu fallit, Venerisque dudum

Castra reliquit ;

Sic

Sic (ut antiqui cecinere vates)
 Flevit ereptum viduata Ulyssē
 Sponsa, percurrens minuitque luctus

Pectine telam.

Estne cui cedat meretrix apud vos
 Fama *Cowellæ*? Paphiæne matris
 Noverit BARNWELLA fidiorem

Vestra ministram?

Callidè in portum resupina amoris
 Dirigit Penem, hìc Gnidiæ litamus
 Fervidi Divæ, & vetus ara multo

Fumat odore.

Jam ferè longo satiata ludo
 Otium poscit Juvenes; gravescit,
 Et tui pars, ut perhibet, tumenti

Conditur alvo.

Alma mox prolem dubiam daturæ
 Diva sis præsens genitalis, acres
 Mitiga planctus, hebetæque duri

Spicula fati!

G

Nascere:

Nascere optata ô soboles! sequaris
 Si puer, mores patris, at puellam
 Si velint Parcæ, Cytherea matris

Imbuat arte:

Ad HENRICUM.

Nympha Coventini quæ gloria fulserat Horti,
 Cui vix vidisset Druria vestra parem,
 Exul, inops, liquit proprios miseranda Penates,
 Fortunæ extremas sustinuitque vices,
 Nunc trahit infauſtam tenebroſo in carcere vitam,
 Et levat inſolito mollia membra toro.
Carleſis, ah! quantum, quantum mutaris ab Illâ
Carleſe, quæ Veneris maxima cura fuit!

Æde

Æde tuâ risêre olim Charitesque Jocique,
 Hic fuerant Paphiæ currus & arma Deæ;
 Arsêrunt Cives, arsit Judæus Apella,
 Et te bellorûm deperiêre chori.
 Jam sordes pallensque genas, & flaccida mammas,
 Non oculi, quondam qui micuere, micant.
 Heu ubi formosæ referentes lilia malæ!
 Labra ubi purpureis quæ rubuêre rosis!
 Te puer Idalius, te fastiditque juvenus
 Tam marcescentem, dissimilemque tui.
 Siccine tam fidam curas Erycina ministram?
 Hæccine militiæ præmia digna tuæ?
 O Venus! ô nimium nimiumque oblita tuarum!
 Carlesîs an meruit fortis acerba pati?
 Quæ posthâc arisve tuis imponet honorem,
 Ardebit posthâc vel tua Castra sequi?
 Omnigenas æquo circumspice lumine mœchas
 Quas tua pellicibus Druria dives alit,
 Quæ cellas habitant, vicos peditesve peragrant,
 Aut quæ Wappinios incoluêre Lares;

Invenienda fuit nusquam lascivior, artûs

Mobilior, sacris vel magis apta tuis.

Carlesis ah nostris & flenda & fleta Camænis !

Accedat vestris nulla medela malis ?

Te vereor miseram fortuna tenaciter anget,

Nec veniet rebus mollior aura tuis.

Est tibi (sitque precor) pellex, *Henrice*, virescens

Quæ te primævâ simplicitate capit ;

Sera Illi teneræ languescat gratia formæ,

Vita Illi cursu candidiøre fluat,

Conjuge fit Batavo felix, tutusque fruaris

Aurea dum crassâ Cornua fronte gerit.

Ad

Ad BACCHUM.

DIVE Thebanæ soboles puellæ
 Mixta quem mater peperit Tonante,

Dive qui vinclo metuente solvi

Nectis amicos !

Nubilas præfens remove curas

Porrigis frontem minùs explicatam,

Et Dionæis agitata mulces

Pectora telis ;

Linque Campanos Siculosque colles,

Linque Nutricis juga celsa Nyfæ,

Et meum comple, Deus alme, toto

Numine pectus !

Me puer longùm Veneris marinæ

Spiculis urgens cruciavit, adsis

Lætus, & foelix miserêre nostri,

Dive, laboris !

igne

Ignē (ni falsum cecinēre vates)

Ipse mortali caluisse quondam

Diceris, nec te puduit decorā

Virgine vinci :

Atticas quando spoliis onustus

Victor Ægides reparavit oras,

Vela diffundens nimium secundo

Turgida vento :

Sola desertis Ariadna terris

Multa de falso doluit marito,

Et percussio sonuere Naxi

Littora planctu ;

Tu capistratis rediens ab Indis

Tigribus vectus, viridique cinctus

Pampino crines, placidā bibisti

Aure querelas

Mox ubi nympham lacrymis venustam

Videras, ictus caluisti amore,

Et pares sensim subiēre nymphæ

Pectora flammæ.

Adfuit

Adfuit ridens, Erycina, puris
Tuque cum tædis, Hymenæe, testes
Igne quàm fido colis Ipse nuptam,

Nupta maritum.

Dulcia experte ô sine felle amoris
Jam fave, Lenæe pater, vocanti;
Et fuga sævum nimis ulceroso

Corde Tyrannum!

Tum tuo gratus meditans honores
Numini haud parcos calices litabo,
Luce dum Sol exoriens rubentem

Pingit Olympum;

Cumque mî pectus calet, altiori
Te canam plectro, numeros puellæ
Lesbiæ, vel dulce sequens Sabini

Carmen Oloris.

Ad

Ad CAROLUM W---.

ATRA curarum minuens Geneva
 Occidit duro nimium statuto
 Pellici & Vati malè consulentis

Parliamenti:

Utilis mœchæ fuit & Poëtæ;
 Sprevit hinc Vates Dolopum catervas,
 Mœcha *Gonfomum* tetricâ minantem

Fronte laborem.

Solvitur justas Druria in querelas,
 Per Coventini spatia ampla & Horti
 Plangor auditur, gemitusque tunfa &

Pectora palmis.

Talbotam fortuna premet; relinquent
Carlesis quondam miseræ Penates
Douglasa & *Johnson* duo pervicacis

Fulmina linguæ.

Penna

Penna inornatis queritur capillis;

Se super caro dolet esse fucco

Hilla, Plumarum cyathisque versis

Hospita mœret.

Pellicum grata ô! superis & imis,

Jam vale longumque vale inter omnes

Eminens fuccos, veluti *Pedestres*

Fanny puellas;

Dulce *Plumarum* decus & columna,

Fanny, seu *Brimstona* probas vocari!

Impudens, apta & *Veneri*, & jocofo

Apta Lyao.

Suave *Grubæi* doluere *Cygni*,

Dulce tam fudêre melos canentes,

Ut forent *Ipsi* moribundi acerbâ

Morte Geneva.

O vitro fons splendidior *Pœsis*!

Tu dabas *Ignemque* animumque *Vati*,

Tu dabas sacros, pereunſque tolles

Mente furores.

H

Quis

Quis chori nunc Pierii superstes

Flebit absentem Laribus Britannis

——, dum gens patienter audit

Fœminæ habenas?

Quis simul liquit Batavûm Penates

Vota Neptuno pia fundet? aliam

Quis Thetin pinget vigili tuentem.

Numine puppim?

Quis canet Regem litui tubæque

Ludicra & ficti simulacra belli

Quem juvant, stat dum innocuas tremendus

Ante Cohortes?

Albion quam consiliis *Roberti*

Floret! en! ut pacificis *Horati*

Artibus Mavors agitur beatis

Finibus Exul.

Aureum genti redit en! *Britannæ*

Sæculum; tuti volitant per æquor,

Nec truces nostri metuunt ut olim

Navitæ Iberos.

Quis

Quis Lyræ pollens patiensque Phœbi

Posteris hæc ancipiti legenda

Det fide? vani procul exulate

Mente timores:

Cibber en! grato superest labori,

Carus argutæ Fidicen *Thaliæ*,

Lucidum nostræ columenque, spesque

Unica laurus:

Concinet majore Poëta plectro

——, quandoque calens furore

Gestiet circa thalamum ferire

Calce galerum;

Concinet faustos Britonas, pacem

Confilî mentem *Carolinæ*, *Iulium*

Martium, at patrem minimè sequentem

Passibus æquis.

Cum premet gesta & *Gulielmi*, & *Annæ*,

Invidis ætas tenebris, *Camænam*

Collii, nostra & pariter stupebunt

Sæcla Nepotes.

By a FRIEND,

A COPY of VERSES on BETTY CLOSE's
coming to the Town, humbly addressed to all
Ladies of Pleasure of the Year 1736.

MOURN every Nymph, whom Providence has
(left
Of all, but your Celestial Charms, bereft :
Who barter Beauty for the Lust of Gold,
And like a Place at Court are to be sold ;
To Age, or Impotence, your Charms betray,
A Lump of dull inanimated Clay,
To Sharpers, Coxcombs, 'Prentices, or Beaus,
(For Womenkind have neither Friends, nor Foes)
Exhaust with all your Arts each languid Vein,
'Till not one genial Drop of Lust remain !

Fair * *Prestland* comes ; inferior Beauties fly !
A *Hellen* cannot with a *Venus* vie.

* Her Husband's Name.

Scatter

Scatter like Mists before the Rising Sun !
The fairest Nymph will be but last undone:

Clarke must live chaste, and perjur'd * *Latimore*
Shall cease to clap Mankind, that is— to whore.
Peace to Thy Ashes, fair unhappy Shade !
By Beauty ruin'd, and to Vice betray'd ;
Who fell an early Sacrifice to Lust,
And now what once the World ador'd— is Dust.
Here † *Delia* claims a tributary Tear,
With Frailty modest, tho' a Whore, sincere,
Contented with the Charms that Nature gave,
She made Mankind Her Momentary Slave ;
Like forward Fruit was blasted in Her Bloom,
Whose Wit, and Beauty, found an early Tomb.

Now *Cox* but with diminish'd Rays will shine,
And own fair *Prestland's* Beauty more divine ;

* She died this Winter, in the 23d Year of her Age.

† *Nanny Featherstone*, who died this Winter, in the 20th Year of her Age, very much lamented by all Gentlemen of Pleasure.

Roberts will curse all Whores, nor spare e'en *Carter*,
 From worn-out *Careless* to fair *Kitty Walker* ;
 Aspiring *Antony* will drop her Crest,
 And condescend for Shillings to be blest'd.
 Thus when bright *Venus* glides along the Sky,
 Celestial Beauties from Her Presence fly,
 Immortal Deities Her Charms adore,
 And own with Envy Her superior Power.

Let the Fair Sex, whom peevish Honour calls
 To guard their Virtue in Enchanted Walls,
 From Her Example learn: When Nature gave
 Pride to command, and Beauty to enslave,
 She never meant it like the Miser's Store,
 To keep in Plenty the Possessors poor ;
 But let their Charms shine o'er the conquer'd Ball,
 And be Ador'd, Enjoy'd, and Lov'd by All.

When thus apply'd, to whomsoever 'tis given,
 Beauty's the Blessing, else the Curse of Heaven.

In Obitum ELIZABETHÆ CLOSE,
Salacis Memoriae.

DECUS Puellarum & Juvenum dolor
Me, *Closa*, poscis tendere barbiton,

Manesque carmen luctuosum

Sollicitant pretiosiores.

Ministra Divæ sedula Cypriæ

Heu! *Closa*, vitæ in limine concidis,

Libido cui famam perennem

Idaliâ peperit palæstrâ.

Jaces feretro frigida, pallida,

Sed morte in ipsâ lubrica conspici;

O præcoci direpta fato!

O Paphio magis apta ludo!

Videre flentem jam videor comis

Paffis Ministram, jam manibus piis

Cadaver ornantem cupressi

Fronde nigrâ, fragilique myrto.

Amoris

Amoris olim ô! prodiga, & abstinens

Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ!

O mentis, ignotus puellis

Druricolis, Generosus Ardor!

O! si Senator, si similis tui

Aurum irretorto lumine viderat,

Non gens doleret pressa, rerum &

Candidior remearet ordo.

Vitale flumen dum roseâ genas

Pinxit juventâ, pulcrior in tuos

Vix ivit amplexus, Adoni,

Idaliis Erycina lucis.

Vultu benigno dum tibi riserit

Fortuna, dum te sollicita ambiit

Pubes, & exultans catenis

Molliculis requievit ulnis;

Bartona non te clarior extitit;

Non floruit te *Coxa* beatior

Quanquam Coventinum per Hortum

Egit Equos volucremque currum;

Quæ

Quæ nunc decenni trita libidine

Tandem recumbit Conjugis in sinu ;

Feliciorem te sed atro

Styx novies cohibet fluento.

Heu ! cogit omnes dura necessitas :

Formosa multi nominis occidit

Clevelanda, nec *Gwynnæ* valebat

Angliaco placuisse Regi.

Merfa est acerbo funere sanguinis

Vanella clari, nec grave spiculum

Averteret fati Machaon,

Nec madido F—— Ore.

Atqui priorum nunc meretricibus

Te, *Closa*, misces temporum, & Angliam

Ostendis almam matrem Amoris

Posthabitâ coluisse Cypro ;

Te *Laïs* olim nobilis, invido

Te nata *Ledâ* lumine conspicit,

Te summa formâ, summa sceptro

Niliaci *Cleopatra* regni.

I

Te

Te sæpe sanam, semper amabilem

Morti vetabit cedere Pieris,

Sed fleta, sed secura famæ

Per Juvenum volitabis ora.

I, clara pellex, utere honoribus !

I, clara pellex, sat tibi vixeris†

Haywarda te flet, te fidelis

Beswicius Veneris sacerdos.

O umbra felix ! temne volubilis

Jam tuta sortis nubila, Druriæ

Morbosque spectans & dolores

Elysiis miserere Campis.

Ad

Ad THOMAM F-----.

O S Æ P E mecum sollicitudines
 Mulcens Lyæi munere candidi
 Bacchate donec sol resurgens
 Æthereis radiabat arvis,
Thoma meorum prime sodalium!
 Ex quo relictis non bene poculis
 Arcebar à Grantâ feroces
 Myrmidonum fugiens catervas.
 Fortuna sævo læta negotio
 Me rure clausit, jam nimium diu!
 Dum tu revisis multum amatae
 Fumum, & opes, strepitumque Romæ
 Jam forte felix, quæfere distuli
 Quo more fallis tempora, nam reor
 Te non inertem, five fontes
 Pieriæ studiosus artis

Sanctos recludis, seu Genium mero

Curas sodales inter amabiles,

Seu te virentem suadet æstus

Idalias iterare pugnās.

Fortuna si nunc ridet amicior,

Condat nitentem mox nebulis diem ;

Mortalis ævi horæque pennâ

Aufugiunt trepidante solvi.

Ergo caducæ quisquis erit color

Vitæ, benignâ munera seu manu

Fortuna fundat, seu malignâ

Quæ dederit rapiat ; dolores

Donis Lyæi pellere Gallici

Memento, sed si difficilis negat

Crumena, succum Lusitanæ

Purpureum bibe gratus uvæ.

Nec herba defit clarus ab ultimis

Vati *Ralæus* quam bene consulens

Deduxit Indis, Ipse Vates,

Castaliæ decus Ipse turbæ ;

Musis,

Mufis, jocofo caraque Libero

O Herba falve! Carmine nobili

Cantata *Thori*, largè Apollo

Quem geminâ decoravit arte.

Ad G O T H O F R E D U M C

Rectius vivit, *Gothofrede*, nympham

Qui videt formosam oculo irretorto;

Corda qui gestat Veneris domari

Nescia telis;

Ille securus roseam videri

Speâet *Howardam*, facilesve risus

Browniæ, vel te, *Catharina*, pubis

Cura Britannæ.

Integer (si mens eadem fuisset)

Sylviam fictâ caluisse flammâ

Senferam; nec surpuerat mihi me

Fulgor Ocelli;

Sed

Sed parum cautus perii tuendo ;
Mutuam linguæque fidem voventis
Combibi gratum malè fascinatâ

Aure venenum.

Te parens rerum nimio decore
Prodiga ornavit ; tibi, pulcra pellex,
Cederet Daphne peramata Phœbo,

Gnosis Iaccho ;

Te simul pleno, Juvenum, theatro
Turba, fulfisti, coluit, secuta est
Te nimis latè Cypriæque matris

Signa ferentem.

Angliâ plures meditans triumphos
Galliam victâ celebras, timentque
Jam levem nymphæ tua ne retardet

Aura Juventam.

Sis tamen felix ubicunque vivis !
Immemor quamvis malefida nostri es,
Nec Dionæis cruciata curas

Corda sagittis.

Forfitan

Forſitan te nunc viridem puella
Mutua torret, *Gothofrede*, flammâ,
Unico gaudens, Paphiæque jam nunc

Cruda palæſtræ;

Hanc ſinu mulces nimium fideli
Igne languescens, vacuamque credis
Fraude, juratoſ toties timentem &

Fallere Divos;

Perfidam ſed mox alio calere
Senties, ventisque fidem dolebis
Traditam, & mollem vario fugatum

Pectore amorem.

Occupet nomen Juvenis beati
Qui manet votis precibusque mœchæ
Surdior ponto, atque agitante pontum

Surdior Euro.

Fœmina ô ſolâ levitate conſtanſ!
Me ſat unius docuere fraudes
Quam graves vel ſub placido laterent

Æquore rupes.

Ite

Ite spes blandæ teneræque, dulces
 Ite languores alimenta flammæ!
 Non Deo cedam redimire amanti

Tempora myrto;

Sed furens suadet quoties libido,
 Druriæ vel me accipient tabernæ,
 Aut parùm fanis domus *Oliveræ*

Nota puellis.

Ad

Ad SEXTUM.

O QUI frequentes forte beator
 Maligna quam mî fata negaverint,
 Amice, Romam, nocte gaudens
 Cum Sociis madidis Lyæo !

Quanquam in remotâ parte Britannia
 Me fors locavit, conspicit exerens
 Se Phœbus undis & recumbens
 Usque tui memorem & tuorum.

Nunc forte pellex Incola Druriæ
 Vici sagittam misit ab angulo
 Victoriæ secura, nigro
 Crine decens, roseoque vultu;

Quo te beatum vulnere cogitans
 Ictus medullas dulce periculum
 Sectaris, incedens per Ignes
 Suppositos cineri dolofo.

Parcus Diones cultor & infrequens
 Libo capaces jam cyathos Deo
 Cui Nyfa ridet, cui Falernus,
 Et Siculi placuere colles.

Mox læta suadent munera perfidæ
 Oblivionem ducere *Sylvia*,
 Regina quam fovit Cytheræ
 Perniciem Juvenum decoram.

Quàm penè Ocelli languor amabilis,
 Collumque certans Threïcia nive
 Me victimam duxit volentem
 Idalias periturum ad aras!

Sed Liber almo numine consulens
 Periclitanti, me mihi reddidit,
 Præsens Dionæos calores,
 Et tetricas remove curas.

Ad MACRUM.

JA M Granta vanis fat lacrymis dedit,
Tenentque mutas jam salices lyras

Donata quas nuper ciebat

Sera nimis *Carolina* cœlo.

Si mî dedisset *Cynthius* Ingenî,

Regina, vires, alite surgerem,

Ferremque virtutes stupendas

Perpetuâ super astra famâ.

Te floruerunt te miserabiles

Musæ secundâ (credite Posterî)

Languens & erexit decoram

Religio, tua cura, frontem :

Vates revinctus tempora laureâ,

Dulcisque testis fistula *Duckii*;

Doctusque *Præsul Bristolensis*

Grande decus columenque mitræ.

Exosa luxum quid tibi profuit
Regalium & mens deliciarum egens?

Congesta non auri talenta

Multa brevem Dominam sequentur.

Cedis coemptâ Socraticâ domo,
Villisque purus quas Thamefis lavit;

Antrumque venalis relinquis

Materiam sterilem Camcenæ.

Regina, magnæ fit tamen hoc tui
Solamen umbræ: nobilis audies

Ecclesiæ tutela, temnens

Arbitrium popularis auræ, &

Vindex Minervæ strenua; quamdiù

Cami fluentum Pierides colent,

Carmenque *Ducki* per virorum

Nobilium volitabit ora.

Rumpent

Rumpent sorores stamina luridæ ;

Amice, te mox accipiet ratis

Charontis invisa, & subibis

Tartareas levis umbra sedes.

Exstructum Avaro quid misero invides

Thesaurum ? inanes quid titulos stupes ?

Mutare nec fati tenorem,

Nec valeant relevare curas.

Non est tuum, si fors fuit improba,

Infanienti cedere turbini ;

Innexus at virtute acerbas

Sperne minas ; validum ingruenti

Oppone pectus fortiter æquori ;

Fugata demùm nubila senties,

Fluctus recumbent, & nitebit

Mox radio meliore Phœbus.

Hoc pascere mentem consilio, tui

Potensque vivas forte beatior,

Quam si Tyranni possideres

Divitias operosiores.

INCERTI AUTHORIS.

Ad RUFILLUM.

O QUI potenti fortior Hercule
Nocturna misces praelia! cui Venus
Penem fatigari dolentem, &
Instabiles dedit alma Clunes!

Quæ Thamesis te propter aquas Patris
Puella dulci jam foveat in Sinu?

Quæ jam *Rufilli* proruentis
In Coitum tolerare Pondus

Virago gaudet? num tibi pinguior
Susanna Pubem subrigit horridam?

An mollis implumem *Marie*
Cunniculum penetrare tentas?

Nimis

Nimis beatus! quem neque Gaudia
 Incæpta Lictor rumpere gestiens
 Perturbat immitis, vetatque
 Appositam tetigisse Vulvam.

Deserta mœret Druria Pellices
 Raptas; abactos plus vice simplici
 Greges Puellarum Ipsa flevit
 Needhamia Veneris Sacerdos;

Quin & Ministras, Diva potens, tuas
 Clausêre diri Carcere Judices;
 Et Cannabem trivêre Palmæ
 Proh Pudor! ad meliora natæ.

Puella, grato quæ modo verbere
 Inguen ciebat non bene pertinax,
 Haud ludicrum tandem nefandi
 Carnificis timet Ipsa Flagrum.

Deserta

Deserta rerum Vulva Parens dolet

• • • • •

Hortisque devitat Jacobi,

Et latebras pudibunda quærit.

Ergo furentes irrita Mentulas

Tentigo rumpet? non ita; nam mihi

Quod Vulva non præbet Levamen,

Dextra dabit facilis petenti.

MERE-

MERETRICES BRITANNICÆ.

QUAM canam, Lenæ Pater, Puellam
Galliæ vinis, Cyathisve Oportæ
Fervidus, cuius resonent jocosa

Pocula Nomen?

Aut in obscœnis Druriæ Tabernis,
Aut ubi Vico Rosa Bridgienti
Pullulat Nympham temere insequenti

Nota Juventæ,

Arte maternâ rigidæ domantem
Mentulæ Vires, agilique Clune
Et Manu blandâ elicere intumenti

Inguine Semen?

Quid prius dicam solitis opimæ
Laudibus *Guinnæ, Caroli* tremendum
Quæ manu penem variisque Sceptrum

Gesserat Horis?

L

Nec

Nec tuæ Noctes Tenebris prementur
Invidis *Cleveland* ; neque Te filebo
Præliis audax, metuenda certo

Vulnere *Sally*.

Pellices dicam *BATAVAS*, potentem hanc
Parieti obnixis superare Lumbis,
Hanc Toro, cujus simul atra Regi

Vulva pateret,

Et Nates Lectum quaterent, Cubile
Perfidum magno crepuit Fragore
Ruptum, & ingenti tremuère——

Membra Pavore.

Mox retro cedens agitatus Humor
Fugit ad sedes pavidus relictas ;
Et minax (sic Dii voluère) Regis

Cauda recumbit.

Douglasam

Douglasam post has prius, an quietos
Talbotæ mores memorem, an falaces
Browniæ Fasces, dubito, an *Floidæ*

Nobile Lethum ;

Heathias, *Howam*, nimiumque Linguae
 Prodigam Vino superante *St. George*
 Gratus undanti referam culullo,

Westberiamque.

Hanc, & incompitis *Loviam* Capillis
 Utilem Rixæ tulit, atque *Hoperam*
 Sæva Paupertas dubiique Patris

Tetra Libido.

Crescit occultum Luis ut Venenum
Gumliæ Nomen, micat inter omnes
 Fama *Dav'nporthæ* veluti Tabernas

Luna minores.

Alma Scortorum Druriæ Custos
Orta Neptuno! tibi Cura pulchræ
Carelefis Fatis data, tu secundâ

Carelese regnes:

Illa, seu pubem tenuit catenis
Pulvere albentes humeros amictam,
Indiæ aut Navis domuit Magistrum

Merce beatum

Te minor nostro dominetur Orbi,
Læta tu Sedes Paphias revives,
Dum tuis Illa Auspiciis Britannum

Subjicit Orbem.

A

A. A. ad J. K, M. D.

EPITHALAMIUM.

K——, in mendax mihi falsa mittit
 Friendus, ex mœcho fieri maritus

Cogeris, partemque agit usitata

Pellicis Uxor.

Quidni ego læter tibi gratulari

Conjugi Conjux? Ego qui reliqui,

Connubî Causâ, Patriam Domumque ux-

orius Exul.

Dum Sales spargunt lepidi Sodales

Te super vel me, cuperem interesse

Magna pars Risûs; sed ab hoc acerbâ

Lege remotus

Per-

Perfruor dulci alloquio pudicæ
 Oculis sponsæ placidoque vultu,
 Nec vidit sponsum mage amantem amatumvè

Ætherius Sol.

Mille mî præter Paphia in palæstra
 Gaudia ; at quod tu ingredière castra,
 Quæ fuit Causa ante Helenam duelli,

Unica Causa est.

Estne qui cunctos quot amant Mathefin
 Inter, ô Ductor Gregis, estne qui Te
 Rectius novit, vel auctiorî

Lustrat Ocello

Siderum Motus ? Tibi si qua proles
 Nascitur, quicquid minitentur Astra,
 Quid ferant læti, docilis futuri

Ante videbis.

Et

Et tuos si quis Thalamos Adulter
 Scandere optaret, vetet Ars & Æther
 Improbos Ausus, & inermis esto, &
 Incolumis Frons.

Quare age, & totis licitè Diebus
 Noctibus totis Veneri litato,
 Nullum opus Sylvæ, aut recubare subter
 Tegmina Fœni.

Interim quicquid Vetulæ aut Puellæ
 Garriant, ne te Jecur intus angat :
 Sed domi sistens, ede, lude, pota, &
 Temne quod ultra est.

Sis amans Sponsæ, & mea si valent quid
 Vota, sis felix : sed iniqua si fors
 Dempserit primam ; mora nulla, Sponsam
 Sume fecundam.

Est,

Est (ubi nôsti) bene pasta Virgo,
 Cuilibet sat par oneri ferendo ;
 Ipse quam, sed mî meliora Divi,

Ducere rebar.

Hanc fume, & nostro ex loculo repente
 Æra bis centum accipies & ultra :
 Sed tali nullum nisi te Procorum

Dote beabo.

A. A..... F. T..... S.

TE Senatorum Numero inferendum

Sponte suffragor : Quis enim loquendi
Artibus pollet magis, aptiorvè est

Condere Leges?

Sed per immensum Oceanum, & Liquores

Mille fulcanda est via : multa Fumi

Nubila erumpent, fluctansque Rivo

Alla perenni

Quo salutandi Titulo modoque

Ordines nōsti Procerum, ambiendus

Quo fit aut Sartor Laniusvè Ritu,

Forte docendus.

M

Dexteram

Dexteram Dextrae, sed onustam inani,
Junge, (Res magni!) neque fastuosus
Temne nudato Capite ante tectos

Stare Colonos.

Disce Responsum rude, disce Scommma
Perpeti, & Plebem stupidè insolentem,
Forisque narrantem graviora veris

Crimina de te.

Quos tibi vinum potiorvè Pellex
Junxerit, Fratres sapiens adopta ;
Sed Patrem ante omnes venerare Brownum,

Brownigenosque.

Proderit multum Jocus, & joculari
Scito te, cum das Colaphum, datumvè
Sustines gnare, patuloque tollis

Ore Cachinnum.

Dexteram

M

Quid

Quid pudens Virgo, quid & impudica

Expetit, notum tibi sat superque :

Hæ tibi ad partes (facilis vocatu

Turba !) vocentur.

Basium si fors Anus optat, ah ! ne

Respuas ; nam quot Vetulæ falaci

Gaudia impertis, tibi tot rependet

Grata Trineptis.

Hæc Ego vestri studiosus usque

Commodi raptim Documenta mitto :

Quid Senatorem decet, ornat, effert,

Post moniturus.

Quid pudens Virgo, quid et inuolucris
Expectat, notum est illi: respondet:
Hic non ad peras facillè vocatur

(Tuba!) vocatur.

Quid si forte, si forte, si forte
Respondet, nam quod Venus illa
Gaudia impertit, tibi tot responderet
Grata Tringula

Quid si forte, si forte, si forte
Respondet, nam quod Venus illa
Gaudia impertit, tibi tot responderet
Post monitus

Proinde, si forte, si forte, si forte
Respondet, nam quod Venus illa
Gaudia impertit, tibi tot responderet
M a

*To the AUTHOR, on the LADIES Sub-
scription for His ENGLISH POEMS.*

HOW shall the Muse a grateful Tribute bring,
Or Numbers worthy of their Favours sing!
Who touch'd with Pity at a Friend's Distress
Have, by their Bounty, made his Sorrow less.

Since Blooming Beauties of the *British* Isle
Will condescend to cast on Wit a Smile,
Let *Petit-maitres* languish in Despair,
Nor longer boast the Favours of the Fair.

Now *Shakespear's* Scenes by Modern *Belles* revive,
And teach the charming Sex with Taste to live;
Impartial Reason will Their Actions guide,
And make each Blushing Maid a Happy Bride.

Gay

Gay Toasts shall learn to flight Embroider'd Beaus,
And chuse a Husband for his Sense,— not— Cloaths.

In vain mad Poets boast the Sacred Nine,
Implore their Aid each Sentence to refine,
Except the Fair their flowing Verse approve,
And learn from moving Strains the Art of Love.

E'en *Phœbus*' self might with his Lyre unstrung,
Since *Daphne* wou'd not listen when He sung.

Your Muse has met a more Auspicious Fate,
To please, tho' sinking under Fortune's Weight;
For sure that Book must be secure of Fame,
Which bears a *Portland's* and a *Darwood's* Name.

T. GILBERT, *A. M. Fellow of*
Peter-house in Cambridge.

London, Apr. 21, 1738.

The

*The Story of ARISTÆUS, Translated from
the Fourth Georgic of VIRGIL.*

SAD *Aristæus* left fair *Tempe's* Field,
His Bees (as Fame reports) by Famine kill'd,
Fast by old *Peneus'* sacred Fount he stood,
And thus bespake the Daughter of the Flood:
Mother *Cyrene*, deep whose Dwelling lies
Beneath these Waves conceal'd from mortal Eyes,
If (as thou boastest) sprung from Race divine,
And *Phœbus* be the Author of my Line,
Why am I thus by adverse Fates oppress'd?
Is Love quite banish'd from my Mother's Breast?
Why didst thou promise me the bright Abodes,
And bid me hope to mingle with the Gods?
Since thus distress'd I breathe the vital Air,
In vain my Flocks and Fields engag'd my Care;
My Hopes, by Labour rais'd, forlorn I see,
And mourn my Glory lost, though sprung from thee.

Let

Let loose thy Rage, my Herd with Plagues destroy,
 With nipping Blasts my tender Fruit annoy,
 Lay waste my Vineyards, and my Harvests burn,
 If thus my growing Fame provokes thy Scorn.

Cyrene heard, with Nymphs encircl'd round,
 The Voice of Mourning pierce the vast Profound;
 The Wheel employ'd their Hours, each Distaff fraught
 With purple Wool, from rich *Miletus* brought;
Drymo and *Xantho*, and *Lygea* fair,
 And young *Phyllodoce* with flowing Hair,
Thalia blooming, *Spio* bright as Day,
Nesæe soft, *Cymodice* the gay,
Cydippe and *Lycorias*, one remains
 A Maid, and one had felt a Mother's Pains,
Clio and *Beroe* both from Ocean sprung,
 Embroider'd Mantles o'er their Shoulders hung,
Opis the beauteous, *Ephyre* the cold,
Deiopëia graceful to behold,
 And *Arethusa* once that lov'd the Wood,
 But now an azure Goddess of the Flood.

To

To these *Clymene* sung, in tuneful Strains,
 The pleasing Thefts of *Mars*, and *Vulcan's* fruitless Pains,
 And all the Loves of ev'ry God made known,
 From ancient *Chaos* down to *Saturn's* Son.
 While thus the Wheel they ply'd, she held the Throng
 Fix'd in Attention to the warbled Song :
 Again the Sound invades the moist Retreats,
 Aghast the Nymphs forsake their chrystal Seats ;
 But *Arethusa* rear'd her beauteous Head
 Above the Waves, and thus from far she said :
 Sister, thy Fears maternal Fondness show,
 Not strange the Voice, nor common is the Woe ;
 Thy *Aristæus*, once thy chiefest Care,
 A Prey to Grief, and frantick with Despair,
 On *Peneus'* Banks now stands with streaming Eyes,
 And calls thee cruel with repeated Cries.
 To 'whom *Cyrene* mov'd by fresh Alarms ;
 Quickly, oh ! quickly give him to my Arms,
 Safely the Youth deriv'd from heavenly Strain
 May view the Secrets of our wat'ry Reign.

This said, at once she bade the Waves divide ;
 The Waves obsequious form on either Side
 A liquid Wall, the Youth with Awe descends,
 And to his Mother's rocky Palace tends,
 Through Groves of Coral Walks, and with Amaze
 The Wonders of the liquid Realms surveys ;
 He hears the Waters roar with vast Surprise,
 And views the Springs whence mighty Rivers rise :
Phasis and *Lycus* hence derive their Stores,
 Here in his Urn profound *Enipeus* roars ;
 Here yellow *Tybur* rears his awful Head,
 And *Anio* murmurs in his oozy Bed :
 Supplies to *Hypanis* this Fountain yields,
 From that *Caicus* leaves fair *Mysia's* Fields :
 Here horn'd *Eridanus* first draws his Source,
 The King of Floods, tumultuous in his Course,
 Than whom no Stream more rapid cleaves the Plain,
 Or rolls a larger Tribute to the Main.
 Soon as he reach'd the Chamber arch'd with Stone,
 And to his pensive Mother told his Moan,

The

The Nymphs attendant finest Towels bring,
 And draw pure Waters from their hallow'd Spring,
 The loaded Board beneath the Banquet bends,
 The Altar's Smoak in fragrant Clouds ascends.
Cyrene now begins the Rites divine,
 And to old *Ocean* pours *Mæonian* Wine;
 She then invokes the Nymphs that haunt the Woods,
 Or keep the secret Caverns of the Floods;
 With Wine she sprinkl'd thrice the sacred Fire,
 Thrice to the Roof the crackling Flames aspire;
 Pleas'd with so fair a Sign, *Cyrene* cheers
 Her mournful Son, and thus dispels his Fears:
 Where the *Carpathian* Billows roll their Tides,
Proteus a venerable Seer resides;
 Born in his Car He sweeps the briny Plains,
 And scaly Courfers hearken to his Reins:
 Now to *Emathia's* Port his Way he bends,
 Or to his native Shore *Pallene* tends:
 To him we Nymphs religious Homage pay,
 And ancient *Nereus* owns his mighty Sway.

He knows things present, can the past relate,
 And what lies rip'ning in the Womb of Fate;
 Such *Neptune's* Will, whose finny Herds he keeps,
 And feeds the various Monsters of the Deeps.
 With Force surprize, and urge him to disclose
 The latent Spring from whence thy Trouble flows.
 Without Constraint He never lends his Aid,
 No Prayers can move Him, and no Gifts persuade.
 To bind him fast thy utmost Care employ,
 Superior Force will all his Wiles destroy.
 Soon as the mid-day Sun inflames the Sky,
 And Flocks from thirsty Plains to Covert fly,
 Then will I lead thee to the dark Abode,
 Where stretch'd in Sleep reclines the drowzy God.
 But He when fetter'd, to excite thy Fear,
 In Shapes of diff'rent Monsters will appear:
 Now rage a Tyger, and now foam a Boar;
 Now hiss a Serpent, now a Lion roar,
 Or strive in Flames his Freedom to regain,
 Or slide in running Waters from the Chain.

But

But while He tries all Arts, undaunted stand,
 And strain his Fetters with a stricter Hand,
 'Till He resumes the Form without Disguise,
 Such as when Sleep first fate upon his Eyes.
 She spoke, and pour'd Ambrosia on his Head,
 Soon through each Joint the heav'nly Fragrance spread,
 Unusual Brightness in his Aspect shone,
 And His Limbs felt a Vigour not their own.
 Deep in a Mountain's Side a Cavern lay,
 Beneath whose Brow the Waters form a Bay,
 Where Ships by Tempests toss'd securely ride,
 Scorn the rough Winds, and brave the angry Tide.
 The Goddess here conceal'd her Son from View,
 While she, involv'd in sable Clouds, withdrew.
 The raging Dog-star parch'd the *Indian* Plains,
 The wither'd Herbage call'd for cooling Rains;
 The Noon-tide Sun intensely shot his Beams,
 And scorch'd the Mud beneath the deepest Streams:
 When *Proteus*, to avoid the sultry Heat,
 Sought the known Covert of his cool Retreat,

The

The scaly Monsters sport around his Car,
 And from their Nostrils spout the briny Dews afar.
 Soon on the Shore dissolv'd in Sleep they lie,
 While He surveys them with a careful Eye:
 Thus on a rising Hillock, to behold
 His fleecy Care returning to the Fold,
 The Shepherd stands, when Lambs at close of Day
 With bleating Cries provoke the Wolf to Prey.
 Scarce was the Prophet sunk in soft Repose,
 But *Aristæus* from his Ambush rose:
 Shouting he rush'd with Chains his Limbs t'invade;
 The wily Seer his usual Arts assay'd,
 Now to a Beast transforms his various Shape;
 Now strives in Fire, or Water, to escape.
 Subdu'd at length, his magick Force was broke,
 And, to Himself returning, thus He spoke:
 What Pow'r, rash Youth, impell'd thee to explore
 My dark Retreat unknown to Man before?
 Thus unappall'd with Dread the Youth reply'd:
 Prophet, thou know'st my Business, and my Guide:

No

No mortal Art can wary *Proteus* cheat,
 Own thy self vanquish'd, and forego Deceit:
 By Heav'ns Command I come to seek thy Aid,
 And learn the Cause from whence my Bees decay'd.
 Thus said the Youth; the Prophet glow'd with Ire,
 And roll'd his Eyes that darted livid Fire;
 Then thus indignant spoke the Voice of Fate:
 Some God pursues thee with uncommon Hate;
 Great are thy Crimes; unless the Fates oppose
 The Pray'rs of *Orpheus*, great will be thy Woes:
 For thy Offence the guiltless Poet dy'd,
 At thee He rages for his murder'd Bride;
 For while the Nymph, to save her spotless Charms,
 And shun Pollution, fled thy lustful Arms,
 Along the River Side her Course she held,
 Nor saw the Snake beneath the Grass conceal'd.
 Her Fellow Nymphs on *Thracia's* frozen Shore
 All bath'd in Tears her sudden Fate deplore;
 The *Getes* and *Thracians* melt in tender Woe,
 And the cold Streams of *Heber* mournful flow.

All

All o'er the naked Beach forlorn He strays,
 And vents his Grief in sadly-moving Lays;
 On lost *Eurydice* his Song depends,
 Which with the Day begins, and with it ends.
 Fearless He seeks the Mansions void of Light,
 The Regions wrapp'd in everlasting Night,
 Where Ghosts abide, and grisly *Pluto* reigns
 Who ever deaf to human Pray'rs remains.
 As through the dreary Gloom He pass'd along,
 The gath'ring Spectres listen'd to his Song:
 Not Birds, when forc'd by Night or wint'ry Storms,
 Fly to the Woods in half such num'rous Swarms:
 Babes, Virgins, Matrons, and the Warrior's Shade
 Charm'd by his Musick, thicken o'er the Glade;
Cocytus these encloses all around,
 Black Mud, and nauseous Weeds, pollute the Ground,
 The Waves of *Styx* in fable Mazes glide,
 And thrice three times around 'em rolls their baleful Tide.
 The lulling Sweetness of his heav'nly Strains
 Clear'd for a while the melancholly Plains;

The

The Furies' Snakes in painted Ringlets play,
 Of Rage disarm'd the triple Monster lay,
Ixion charm'd forgets his Pains to feel,
 And stops the rapid Motion of his Wheel.
 From Danger safe He leaves the Realms of Night,
 And with his much-lov'd Wife returns to Light;
 She follows close behind him still unseen,
 Such were the Orders of the *Stygian* Queen.
 Just on the Confines of the upper Skies
 He cast on fair *Eurydice* His Eyes,
 Small Fault! ev'n *Pluto* might that Fault forego,
 It ought like Pity mov'd the Gods below.
 Vain were his Toils, and vain the Contract made,
 Thrice roll'd the Thunder through the dreary Shade.
 Then thus the Nymph: What Madness urg'd thee on?
 Ill-fated Man, alas! we're both undone;
 The Fates recall me to the nether Skies,
 And Sleep eternal seals my swimming Eyes.
 A long, and last Farewel! I'm thine no more,
 Torn from thy Arms I seek the *Stygian* Shore.

O

This

This said, like Smoak she vanish'd from his Sight,
 Rapt to the Shades of everlasting Night.
 Quick from her rosy Cheeks the Life-blood fled,
 She cross'd the Stream, and mingl'd with the Dead.
 Unmov'd by Pray'rs relentless *Charon* stood,
 Nor more would waft Him o'er the *Stygian* Flood.
 And now what moving Story can He tell?
 What Strains invent to sooth the Pow'rs of Hell?
 Full Sev'n long Moons He rov'd o'erwhelm'd with Woe,
 Where *Strymon's* Waves in chrystal Windings flow;
 The soften'd Tygers round the Poet play,
 And bending Oaks hang list'ning to his Lay:
 Thus, when a Swain has robb'd her of her Young,
 Sad *Philomela* chaunts her plaintive Song;
 All Night her tuneful Sorrow fills the Glade,
 And warbles mournful through the Poplar Shade.
 A desert, solitary Life He led,
 Cold to the Transports of the genial Bed;
 O'er *Thracia's* Mountains ever white with Snows,
 Or o'er the Fields where silver *Tanais* flows,

Lonely

1

Lonely He roam'd, unmov'd by Beauty's Charms,
 And mourn'd his Love twice ravish'd from his Arms,
 Fir'd with Revenge, the *Bacchanalian* Throng
 Rush'd on the Bard regardless of his Song;
 His mangl'd Limbs they scatter'd o'er the Plain,
 Deaf to his Cries, and careless of his Pain.
 Then from his snowy Neck his Head they tore,
 Which on it's Waves *Oeagrian Heber* bore:
Eurydice, the Subject of his Song,
 In dying Accents trembled on his Tongue.
Eurydice with feeble Voice He cry'd,
Eurydice the echoing Banks reply'd.
 Thus *Proteus* spake; then in the vast Profound
 He plung'd, and dash'd the foamy Waves around.
Cyrene staid; her Son she thus address'd,
 And banish'd Fear and Sorrow from his Breast.
 From hence thy Troubles spring, the *Sylvan* Train
 For this Misdeed thy Bees with Plagues have slain;
 With Pray'rs and Gifts the angry Nymphs assuage,
 For Pray'rs and Gifts will soon appease their Rage.

But first attentive hearken to my Lore,
 And with these Rites th' offended Pow'rs adore :
 Select Four lusty Bulls of choicest Breed,
 Which on *Lycaeus*' verdant Summit feed,
 Four Heifers chuse unconscious of the Wain,
 And raise Four Altars in the lofty Fane;
 From the slain Victims pour the sacred Blood,
 And leave their Bodies in the shady Wood :
 When Morn has nine times streak'd the East with Day,
 To *Orpheus*' Shade *Lethean* Poppies pay.
 To calm his Bride (for thus has Fate decreed)
 A fatted Calf, and sable Ewe must bleed ;
 That done, returning seek the Wood-land Shade ;
Cyrene order'd, and the Youth obey'd.
 With duteous Steps He to the Grove repairs,
 The Temple visits, and the Altars rears :
 He took Four lusty Bulls of choicest Strain,
 And Heifers Four that never knew the Wain ;

On

On the Ninth Morn the Off'ring due He paid
 To *Orpheus'* injur'd Ghost, and fought the Wood-land
 (Shade.

Behold! a sudden Prodigy appears:

The humming Sound of Bees invades his Ears,
 From the torn Bowels issuing through the Sides,
 The living Cloud the yielding Air divides;
 Then to a neighb'ring Tree tenacious clung,
 And from the Boughs in yellow Clusters hung.

BION'S

BION'S ADONIS *Translated.*

I Mourn *Adonis*, now alas! no more,
 His helpless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore;
 Stripp'd of thy gaudy Robes, O *Venus* rise,
 And shake the balmy Slumber from thine Eyes,
 Melting in Woe, unhappy Goddess, tell,
 How soon the sweet, the fair *Adonis* fell.

*I mourn Adonis, now alas! no more,
 His hapless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore.*

Adonis lies all welt'ring in his Gore,
 On the bleak Mountains wounded by a Boar;
 Slow roll his Eye-balls in his sleepy Head,
 Lifeless He seeks the Mansions of the Dead;
 From his fair Face the rosy Beauties fly,
 Fade in his Cheek, and languish in his Eye,
 Yet still with Love *Cythera's* Goddess glows,
 And lavish Kisses on his Corse bestows,

Vain

Vain is her Love, and vain the Heavenly Kifs,
He lies all senseless of the balmy Blifs.

*I mourn, Adonis, now alas! no more,
His hapless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore.*

Deep in his Thigh descends the thrilling Smart,
But deeper far in *Cytherea's* Heart.
His much-lov'd Dogs around their Master yell,
Snatch'd prematurely to the Shades of Hell;
The *Dryads* melt in sympathetic Woe,
Tears down their Cheeks in pearly Riv'lets flow,
And *Venus*, mindful of her former Loves,
With Hair dishevell'd wanders through the Groves,
And while with naked Soal she treads the Ground
Her silver Feet the prickly Briars wound,
Her feeble Voice along the Vallies dies,
As she invokes his Shade with piercing Cries;
Wide gapes the Wound inflicted by the Boar,
His snowy Thigh is ting'd with purple Gore.

Venus.

Venus alas ! the Loves bewailing cry,
 Her fading Beauties with *Adonis* die,
 Now fair *Adonis* lies among the Dead,
 Her Graces languish, and her Charms are fled,
 The Hills and Woods their sad Disorder show,
 The mourning Riv'lets roll in Streams of Woe ;
 While in the Pangs of Death *Adonis* lay,
 Their silent Grief the sick'ning Flow'rs betray ;
 Fair *Cytherea* wails in doleful Sounds,
 From Hills, from Woods the woful Dirge rebounds.

Dead is *Adonis* rueful *Venus* cries ;
 Dead is *Adonis* Eccho sad replies.
 Frantic with Grief as *Cytherea* spy'd
 The streaming Gore run trickling down his Side,
 She rear'd her Arms in Bitterness of Woe,
 And from her Tongue these mournful Accents flow'd
 Ah ! let thy Arms around my Body twine,
 Once more, my Dear, in close Embraces join ;

The

The last, the sweetest, living Kiss bestow,
 Before you seek the gloomy Realms below;
 The Kiss shall treasur'd in my Heart remain,
 And bring a short Oblivion of my Pain,
 While torn from Me, from Pleasure, Life and Light,
 You seek the pitchy Mansions of the Night.
 I seem all-pow'rful, yet implore Relief,
 And Immortality augments my Grief.
 Goddesses who rul'd the Regions void of Day
 (For far o'er mine extends thy pow'rful Sway)
 O! let *Adonis* safe from Harms abide,
 And in *Elysium's* happy Fields reside.
 Worn out with Grief the Dregs of Life I drain,
 And wail my much-lov'd Youth untimely slain,
 My Love, my Joys, like airy Dreams, are fled;
 I lie abandon'd in a Widow's Bed;
 The Cestus once so prevalent in Love,
 And all the Charms I boasted useless prove.
 How could thy Youth to chace the Boar presume?
 Ill suits the Hunter's Toil with Beauty's Bloom!

P

Thus

Thus *Venus* pour'd her unaffected Moan,
And the sad *Loves* return'd her Groan for Groan.

Lamenting *Venus* near *Adonis* stood,
One pour'd a Tide of Tears, and One of Blood,
Streight rising Flow'rs their flagrant Buds disclose,
Hence sprung *Anemone*, and hence the Rose.

I mourn Adonis, now alas! no more,
O Venus, cease in Woods thy Husband to deplore.

Now fair *Adonis* ceases to be thine,
Stretch'd on a Couch *Adonis* lies supine,
Fair He appears, and charms though void of Breath,
His Beauty glows, revives, and blooms in Death.
Clad in those Robes the breathless Charmer lay
In which with thee He lov'd the Night away.
To grace *Adonis* flow'ry Chaplets bring,
And lavish all the Beauties of the Spring.

For

For Him the Roses shed their purple Pride,
 For Him the Lillies hung their Heads and dy'd.
 Around his Bier the sacred Myrtle spread,
 And fragrant Oil, and balmy Unguents shed ;
 You touch'd with Grief those roseat Balms despise,
 Alas ! your sov'raign Balm *Adonis* dies.
 His hapless Fate the *Loves* bewail, and tear
 The graceful Ringlets of their waving Hair,
 Lamenting Accents melt on ev'ry Tongue,
 Their Shafts are blunted, and their Bows unstrung ;
 One Water cool in golden Chargers brings,
 One fans *Adonis* with his filken Wings.

While Grief, O *Venus*, bids thy Tears to flow,
 The rueful *Loves* participate thy Woe ;
 The Nuptial Taper's fainting Lights decay,
 And all the genial Garlands fade away.
Hymen no more repeats his mirthful Strains,
 In mournful Notes the wretched God complains.

Behold each *Grace* o'erwhelm'd with Grief appears,
 The sad, the pious Partners of her Tears,
 How fair *Adonis* dy'd they doleful tell,
 And strive in Grief *Dione* to excel.
 Ev'n the relenting *Fates* His Death deplore,
 The *Fates* whom Sorrow never touch'd before ;
 But all in vain ! stern *Proserpine* remains
 Deaf to their Woe, and sweet-resounding Strains.
 Cease, *Cytherea*, thou hast wept thy Due ;
 But ev'ry Year thy pious Tears renew.

PSALM

Behold

PSALM CXIV. *Translated.*

WHEN happy *Israel* freed from slavish Toil
 Forsook the barb'rous Regions of the *Nile*,
 His Sanctity on *Judab* brightly shone,
Israel rejoyc'd his Majesty to own ;
 Astonish'd *Ocean* from his Glory fled ;
 Recoiling *Jordan* fought his oozy Bed ;
 Like Rams the Mountains skip along the Ground,
 Like sportive Lambs the little Hillocks bound.
 Why did'st thou, *Ocean*, hide thy fearful Head ?
 Why did'st thou, *Jordan*, seek thy oozy Bed ?
 Why did ye skip, ye Mountains high, like Rams ?
 Why did ye bound, ye little Hills, like Lambs ?
 Tremble thou, Earth, with reverential Fear,
 Tremble thou, Earth, when *Jacob's* God is near,
 Who forc'd the Rock to stagnate in the Field,
 And the rough Flint a living Spring to yield.

On:

*On the Death of the Reverend Mr. JOHN
BINGHAM, Student of Christ-Church,
Oxford. By T. GILBERT, A. M. Fel-
low of Peter-house in Cambridge.*

*Erat Homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, qui plurimum &
salis haberet, & fellis, nec candoris minus. PLIN. Epist.*

THough vain the tributary Tears we shed
For Friends in Exile, or untimely dead,
When Men, distinguish'd for their Merit, die,
The Muses love to sing their Elegy,
In humble Strains the mournful Theme pursue,
And give to Friendship what is Virtue's Due.
What honest Nature dictates void of Art,
With Eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding Heart,

Free

[III]

Free from the labour'd Ornaments of Verse,
 Shall pay the Tribute due to BINGHAM's Hearse.
 Oh! could these Lines, illustrious Shade, restore
 Life to those Virtues which are now no more,
 E'en CONYBEARE would bless the Sacred Nine,
 And own their Inspiration was divine.
 In Dawn of Life so strong thy Merit shone,
 Mankind could scarce expect a brighter Noon.
 Sure *Oxford* universal Sorrow wears,
 And *Isis*' Stream encreases with her Tears!
 Such was her Grief when MILTON's * Son expir'd,
 A rising Genius by the World admir'd.
 Too partial Fate will let the Fool and Knave
 Drag in Contempt their Beings to the Grave,
 But like a Tyrant labours to destroy
 All that excel in Worth, or give us Joy,
 Who shine like Meteors glorious in their Birth,
 But soon in blazing Ruins sink to Earth.

* PHILIPS.

So

So good MARCELLUS perish'd in his Bloom,
 The rising Hope, and Ornament of *Rome*,
 With ev'ry shining Quality adorn'd,
 Like thee, by Men of Worth, and Virtue, mourn'd.
 What Art can reach, or Science can define
 Among Philosophers or Wits to shine,
 Without the help of Flattery was Thine;
 Youth's giddy Sons, and Age severely wise,
 From thy sweet Converse could instructed rise;
 A Genius for all Parts of Learning fit,
 Bless'd with strong Judgment, and a ready Wit,
 Whose rare Abilities would Envy move,
 Had not his sweet Behaviour won our Love.
 Firm to his Principles, to Honour just,
 As guardian Angels faithful to their Trust,
 He gave his Friends and Enemies their Due,
 Above their Censure, and their Praises too.
 Severe in Morals, honest without Art,
 An able Head, and uncorrupted Heart;

Possess'd

Possess'd of little with a chearful Mind,
 Enjoying Life, and yet in Death resign'd,
 The gay Tranquillity, the Heart-felt Joy
 Beyond the Pow'r of Fortune to destroy;
 The best Companion, the sincerest Friend,
 Rever'd in Life, lamented in his End.
 How few like Him in early Youth approv'd!
 Admir'd by Enemies, by Friends belov'd;
 Such is the Merit of an honest Fame,
 And such the Character his Virtues claim.
 Sometimes in Converse o'er the Mid-night Bowl
 When Wine unfolds the Secrets of the Soul,
 When absent Friends our grateful Thoughts engage,
 Or Beauties that adorn, and charm this Age,
 Thy sacred Image damps my rising Mirth,
 And gives to sad Reflections hateful Birth,
 Imagination paints the Pleasure past;
 But so refin'd a Bliss could never last!
 On ev'ry Word each Guest enraptur'd hung,
 And blest'd the Genius that inspir'd thy Tongue.

Now Women, Wine, nor Mirth have Pow'r to move,
 The Friend that shares my Soul, or Nymph I love,
 Thy dear Remembrance strikes my troubl'd Mind,
 And casts all other Pleasures far behind.
 But here the pensive Muse resigns her Pen,
 And weeps no longer o'er the best of Men.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVII. *Translated.*

S A D and forlorn near *Babylon* we lay,
 Where limpid Streams in Chrystal Mazes play,
 Strong in our Minds unhappy *Sion* rose,
 And brought a fresh Remembrance of our Woes;
 Our silent Harps on mournful Willows hung,
 Mute were our Voices, and our Harps unstrung;
 The scornful Victors load our Limbs with Chains,
 Insult our Anguish, and deride our Pains;
 With Taunts they cry'd, " Repeat a mirthful Air,
 " Such as was sung in *Sion* once the fair.
 Captive, abandon'd, in a foreign Land,
 How can we answer this unjust Demand?
 How can we praise the Lord in joyful Strains,
 Where Sadness pines, and mad Confusion reigns?
 O *Salem*, ever woful! ever dear!
 If I forget thee through a dastard Fear,

Let my ungrateful Hand forget to play,
 And tune the Chords responsive to my Lay.
 If I with Trouble or with Care oppress'd
 Should blot thy lovely Image from my Breast,
 May I forget the Melody of Song,
 And lasting Silence dwell upon my Tongue.
 On that dire Day when hostile Squadrons stood
 Breathing Revenge, and thirsting for our Blood,
 Remember, Lord, how swoln with envious Pride,
 Enflam'd with Ire the Sons of *Edom* cry'd;
 Call forth your Rage, the stately Walls confound,
 And raze the goodly Structures to the Ground.
 Devoted *Babylon*! thy lofty Wall,
 The Source of all our Woes, is doom'd to fall;
 That Prince shall Fame, eternal Fame acquire,
 Who lays thy City waste with Sword and Fire,
 And deaf to Children's Cries, and Parents' Moans,
 Shall dash thy bleeding Infants on the Stones.

The Seventh ODE of the Fourth Book of
 HORACE *imitated.*

To a FRIEND.

AT length the Snows are thaw'd, the Fields resume
 Their genial Verdure, and the Myrtles bloom.
 The Streams, by wint'ry Torrents swoln, subside,
 Kiss the moist Banks, and in their Channels glide.
 The Fair, encourag'd by approaching Spring,
 Shine in the *Mall*, or sparkle in the *Ring*.
 The rolling Year instructs you Life to scan,
 And not extend your Hopes beyond your Span.
 To sooth the Winter vernal Zephyrs blow:
 But soon the Summer Suns intensely glow;
 The Summer's Heat to milder Autumn yields,
 When golden Apples glitter through the Fields;
 But Autumn soon recedes, and *Boreas* brings
 The lazy Winter on his hoary Wings.

The

The silver Moon her Orb collecting wanes,
 And shines refulgent in th' Ethereal Plains;
 But when of Life bereft we touch the Shore
 Where *Bingham*, *Peers*, and *Wand'sford* went before,
 In those dark Realms our brittle Clay decay'd
 Moulders to Dust, and dwindles to a Shade.
 Can human Wisdom say, the Pow'rs divine
 Will to this Day of Life to Morrow join?
 Then seize the present, crown the sprightly Bowl,
 Feast all the Senses, and enlarge the Soul;
 The Sums consum'd your Heir can never miss,
 Nor know at what Expence you bought your Bliss.
 When at the Bar of *Minos* you appear,
 And from his Lips impartial Sentence hear,
 Your shining Talents and illustrious Race
 Can ne'er restore you to your Friend's Embrace.
 Vain were th' Attempt, should *Pallas* lend her Aid,
 To call her *Bingham* from the *Stygian* Shade;
 Nor *Talbot's* Friendship, since it could not save,
 Can raise his much-lov'd *Wand'sford* from the Grave.

On

On the Death of the Right Honourable
the Lord CASTLECOMER, 1736.

By T. GILBERT, *A. M. Fellow of Peter-
house in Cambridge.*

Farewell! thou blooming Hope of *Britain's* Isle,
Whose Converse could the Cares of Life beguile,
Enrich'd with lively Wit, with Arts adorn'd,
In the first Scene of Youth admir'd, and mourn'd;
Whom Heav'n repenting thought a Gift too great,
And early snatch'd thee to a better State,
Where Souls like thine of an exalted kind
From ev'ry mean and vulgar Thought refin'd,
Dwell in pure Regions of Immortal Joy,
Where nothing can the high-wrought Bliss destroy;
Where injur'd Innocence kind Angels guard,
And slighted Virtue meets a sure Reward.

Lamented

Lamented Youth ! what Tears of Sorrow flow,
 How ev'ry pensive Bosom heaves with Woe !
 While those whose Breasts the tuneful Nine inspire,
 Though dumb with Grief, yet touch the moving Lyre,
 In melancholy Numbers void of Art
 Speak the sad Language of an aking Heart.
 Since the frail Sisters cut Thy slender Thread,
 And you are rank'd among th' Illustrious Dead,
 Now ev'ry Coxcomb's fond Ambition ends
 Whom Vanity, or Fortune made your Friends ;
 When the mean Tribe of Slaves no longer wait,
 To croud like Parasites your Palace Gate,
 The Sacred Muse to Friendship ever dear,
 O'er your cold Ashes sheds a grateful Tear ;
 'Tis Her's to pay the last sad Tribute due
 To celebrated Worth, in Friends like you,
 In humble Strains to make their Merit known,
 Or mark their Virtues on the sculptur'd Stone.
Wand'sford farewell ! in whom kind Nature join'd
 Whatever could instruct or charm the Mind ;

What-

With Learning Candour, Honesty with Truth,
 The Sage's Wisdom with the Fire of Youth,
 Whose Affability and winning Air
 Could entertain a Friend, or please the Fair;
 Who made stern Honour all his Actions guide,
 Though nobly born, without one Spark of Pride;
 Whose Glory on its own Foundation stood,
 And claim'd no Merit from Descent of Blood.
 When the gay Scene of fleeting Life is o'er,
 And the World's Vanities delight no more,
 The parting Soul reflecting on Your Death
 Shall yield with greater Joy her latest Breath,
 Without one Struggle bid the World adieu,
 And wing her Flight to Happiness and You.

R

On

*On the Widow BRADGATE of the Three
Tuns in Oxford, 1734.*

By a FRIEND.

LET fighting Poets in a Love-sick Strain
By purling Streams of cruel Nymphs complain,
Or else the tuneful Nine's Assistance boast
In labour'd Verse to celebrate a Toast ;
Majestic *Bradgate's* Charms my Lays inspire,
And ev'ry Thought with glowing Raptures fire.
Let other Nymphs with Artifice prepare
To make each careless Lock contain a Snare,
Consult the Glass their Features to improve,
And strike each self-enamour'd Fop with Love ;
While the gay Widow with a graceful Air
Excels in native Charms the brightest Fair,

Commands

Commands detaching Crowds to own her Pow'r,
 Strikes Envy dumb, and makes the World adore.
 Mankind must envy thee, illustrious Shade,
 Whose Merit could deserve so fair a Maid ;
 Extremes of Happiness can never last ;
 Soon was the transitory Pleasure past,
 And when you had enjoy'd your beauteous Bride,
 Confess'd the Transport was too great, and dy'd.
 But still the Pledges of their Love remain,
 Whose Charms their Mother's Empire will maintain ;
 Though lovely Children her chaste Raptures bless,
 No pregnant Pangs could make her Beauty less.
 As *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods,
 Whose radiant Offspring fills the bright Abodes,
 In spite of Time her youthful Charms can boast,
 Fair as the Fairest of the Heav'nly Host ;
 So *Bradgate* (mark but this prophetic Truth)
 Shall shine for ever in the Bloom of Youth.

The TOAST.

By the same.

LET Infidels be hush'd ; fill high my Glas ;
 Fair *Dasbwood* proves an Atheist is an As ;
 None but a Deity such Art could boast
 To form so gay, so beautiful a Toast.

The

The PATRIOT.*By the same.*

CURSE on that fordid Miser's Lust of Gold,
 By whom his Country's Interest is sold
Auletes cries; and with a Patriot's Voice
 Declares, " Or Liberty or Death's my Choice.
 But when *N—e* whispers in his Ear,
 Your Vote shall gain Two Thousand Pounds a Year;
 With an obsequious Bow he thanks his Grace,
 And wonders how he could mistake the Case.

The

*The Rape of EUROPA Translated from
MOSCHUS, beginning at*

Ὡς εἰπεῖσ' ἀνόρεσε, φίλας δ' ἐπιδίξεθ' ἑταίρας.

THEN from her downy Bed *Europa* rose,
Her lov'd, coeval, Fellow-Nymphs she chose,
With whom she bath'd where pure *Anaurus* glides,
Or led the Dances on his verdant Sides,
Or cropp'd the Roses from the painted Field,
Or stole the Scent which fragrant Lillies yield.
Th' obsequious Nymphs obey their Queen's Command,
Each takes an ample Basket in her Hand,
Then to the well-known Mead they bend their Way,
The Mead that bord'ring on the Ocean lay,
Where roseat Objects entertain the Sight,
And murm'ring Streams create a fresh Delight.
Europa bore a Basket form'd of Gold,
The Work of *Vulcan*, goodly to behold,

To

To *Lybia* giv'n when she resign'd her Charms
 To bless with Love the wat'ry Monarch's Arms;
 But *Lybia* gave the Workmanship divine
 To *Telephessa* of her Kindred Line,
 Then on *Europa Telephess'* bestow'd
 The rich, the artful Labours of the God:
Inachian Io breath'd in Gold refin'd,
 A Heifer yet bereft of human Mind,
 Of Reason void she cross'd the liquid Plain;
 In Azure flow'd the well-dissembl'd Main;
 Two Men upon the Ocean's Margin stood,
 And saw the Heifer stem the briny Flood;
 Then on the Cow his Hand *Saturnius* laid,
 And near the *Nile* transform'd her to a Maid;
 The Streams of *Nile* in ductile Silver roll'd,
 Brass was the Beave, the God-head shone in Gold.
 Just on the labour'd Verge *Cyllenius* lies,
 And *Argus* wakeful with an hundred Eyes,
 From whose warm Gore a Bird exulting springs,
 And proudly waves its party-colour'd Wings;

The

*The Rape of EUROPA Translated from
MOSCHUS, beginning at*

Ὡς εἶπεσ' ἀνόρεσε, φίλας δ' ἐπιδίξεθ' ἑταίρας.

THEN from her downy Bed *Europa* rose,
Her lov'd, coeval, Fellow-Nymphs she chose,
With whom she bath'd where pure *Anaurus* glides,
Or led the Dances on his verdant Sides,
Or cropp'd the Roses from the painted Field,
Or stole the Scent which fragrant Lillies yield.
Th' obsequious Nymphs obey their Queen's Command,
Each takes an ample Basket in her Hand,
Then to the well-known Mead they bend their Way,
The Mead that bord'ring on the Ocean lay,
Where roseate Objects entertain the Sight,
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 From whose warm Gore a Bird exulting springs,
 And proudly waves its party-colour'd Wings ;

The

The new-born Fowl displays its various Tail,
 Whose Plumes expanded like a wavy Sail;
 The Basket's golden Brim it cover'd o'er,
 Which to the Meadow fair *Europa* bore.

Soon as they reach'd the Mead and flow'ry Bed,
 They chose, they gather'd as their Fancies led,
 This *Hyacinth*, that cropp'd the *Violet* blue,
 A third *Narcissus* of a paler Hue;
 The new-pluck'd Flow'rets shed their Leaves around,
 And vernal Beauties thick o'erspread the Ground;
 Some rob the *Crocus* of its fragrant Smell,
 In the sweet Toil each lab'ring to excel.
 But in the midst the fair *Europa* stands,
 And culls the *Roses* with her snowy Hands:
 Than all her Nymphs she boasts a nobler Mien;
 (As o'er the *Graces* shines the *Paphian* Queen)
 Not long to wanton on the flow'ry Plain,
 Nor long of Love unconscious to remain;

As

As Thund'ring *Jove* beheld the blooming Dame,
 He glow'd, He languish'd with a pleasing Flame,
 Fair *Venus* can his Terrors all remove,
 He melts, He softens, and He yields to Love.
 From *Juno's* jealous Rage Himself He veil'd,
 And in a Bull the latent God conceal'd ;
 Not such a Bull as harrows up the Plains,
 Or on his Neck the galling Yoke sustains,
 Not such as feeds among the servile Throng,
 Or lab'ring draws the lazy Wain along ;
 His Body yellow, in his Front arose
 A silver Circle white as falling Snows ;
 His azure Eye-balls languishingly bright
 Sparkl'd with Love, and glow'd with soft Delight.
 Two polish'd Antlers from his Front extend,
 Like *Cynthia's* Horns in Symmetry they bend.
 The Mead He enter'd ; then the Nymphs drew near,
 And stroak'd the gentle Beast devoid of Fear.
 Just at the chaste *Europa's* Feet He staid,
 And full of Transport kiss'd the lovely Maid ;

She wipes the Froth as from his Mouth it flows,
 And harmless Kisses on the Bull bestows,
 Melodious Lowings antedate his Joys,
 Soft as the *Phrygian* Pipe's harmonious Noise.
 Bending at fair *Europa's* Feet He bow'd,
 And on the Nymph retorted Glances throw'd,
 The stooping Beast his ample Back display'd;
 Thus to her fair-hair'd Nymphs *Europa* said:
 My fav'rite Virgins, to my Words attend;
 Approach, approach, this gentle Bull ascend,
 In sportive Pomp he'll bear us o'er the Plain,
 For his broad Back will ev'ry Nymph contain.
 Unlike the rest, He's beauteous, soft and kind,
 His Looks, His Actions speak a human Mind;
 Nature in him has Speech alone suppress'd,
 Thus spake the Nymph----- then smiling mounts the
 (Beast.

Streight swift as Light'ning springing to the Shore,
 The blooming Virgin, Heav'nly Prize! He bore;

With

With out-stretch'd Arms she call'd her menial Train,
 She turn'd, she look'd, she sigh'd, she wish'd, in vain;
 Fearless He plung'd amid the wat'ry Way,
 And like a Dolphin shot along the Sea.
 Emerging Nymphs the parting Waves divide,
 On monstrous Whales the blue-ey'd *Nereids* ride,
Neptune Himself compos'd the angry Main,
 And led his Brother o'er the liquid Plain,
 Gath'ring around the Sea-born *Tritons* throng,
 And their shrill Trumps resound the Nuptial Song.
 Fix'd on the Bull *Europa* firm remain'd,
 One Hand her Vest, and one her self sustain'd,
 Her floating Garment wanton'd in the Air,
 And, dancing like a Sail, upheld the trembling Fair.
 But she whom Fates averse had doom'd to roam
 Far from her Country, Friends, and pleasing Home,
 (Now when no hospitable Shore appear'd,
 No lofty Mountain's airy Summit rear'd,
 Above, the Heav'ns their azure Brightness show,
 The wide-extended Ocean foam'd below)

Gaz'd all around despairing of Relief,
 And in these doleful Accents vents her Grief:
 How can'st thou journey o'er the briny Plain,
 Nor dread the various Perils of the Main?
 Ships o'er the parting Ocean safely ride,
 But tim'rous Bulls abhor the foamy Tide;
 To slake thy Thirst no chrystal Fountains rise,
 The liquid Wild substantial Food denies.
 Art thou a God, in Heav'n who hold'st thy Reign?
 If so, to act beneath a God disdain.
 The solid Earth no Sea-born Dolphins sweep,
 No Oxen sail along the hoary Deep;
 Secure on Earth, secure you stem the Tide,
 Your Hoofs like Oars the yielding Waves divide;
 Soon like a Bird you'll tow'r, and soar on high,
 Amid the azure Regions of the Sky.
 Unhappy me! who by this Bull am led,
 Unhappy me! who from my Country fled,
 Now unaccustom'd o'er the wat'ry Way,
 Hopeless, forlorn, disconsolate I stray.

Neptune

Neptune assist, your Empire you retain
 Deep in the chrystal Caverns of the Main,
 Sure not without the Guidance of a God
 I ride in Safety o'er the liquid Road.

In these Complaints the trembling Virgin mourn'd;
 The fair-horn'd Bull an Answer thus return'd:
 Restrain your Grief, your drooping Spirits chear,
 Desist, fair Nymph, the briny Surge to fear;
 Know I am *Jove*, I fought thee in the Field,
 (For Gods can all things) in a Bull conceal'd,
 Smit with thy Charms these Regions I explore,
 And cross the Seas unknown to Bulls before.
 Thee to the *Cretan* Shore secure I'll bear,
 Where *Amalthea* nurs'd my Youth with Care,
 From thee a noble Offspring shall descend,
 Whose wide Dominion with the World shall end.

Thus spake the God, and what He spake was true,
 That Instant *Crete* arose upon the View;

Then

Then Thund'ring *Jove* resum'd his Form divine,
 And all around celestial Glories shine;
 Th' impatient God the Virgin's Zone disclos'd,
 The winged Hours the genial Bed compos'd,
 Proud of her Conquest she resign'd her Charms,
 And rose a teeming Mother from his Arms.

*A Translation from the Latin ODE of
 the Third Chapter of H A B B A K U K.*

By a F R I E N D.

THE Great CREATOR arm'd with Wrath divine
 Forsaking *Teman*, and the lofty *Paran*,
 With Majesty refulgent fill'd the World,
 And all the wide Expanse of chrystal Sky.

Death flies before in various Shapes of Ills,
 The Plague and every terrible Disease
 Attend the Deity in dreadful Pomp,
 While Flames destructive burn beneath His Feet.

The

The Light'ning darted through the vaulted Globe
 Casts a Dread o'er the trembling World,
 Vast Hills subside, and Mountains shun His Wrath.

These Eyes beheld the Sun-burnt *Æthiops*;
 Struck with uncommon Fear, and *Midia*
 Trembling amidst the rough-hoarse-sounding Noise.

The Surges in swift Torrents backward roll'd,
 Affrighted *Jordan* to His Bed retir'd,
 While God in Triumph rode upon the Waves.

The Hills and Rivers saw Thy Face, and fled,
 And the loud Seas with Thy Great Presence aw'd,
 Groan'd in hoarse Murmurs from their inmost Caves.

Each Pole's envelop'd in the Gloom of Night
 At Thy Command ; the Radiant God of Day
 Starting confounded, stops His fiery Steeds ;
 And the pale lambent Moon neglects to guide
 Her Chariot, wand'ring through the Shades of Night.

The

The Nations felt what the offended God
Of *Jacob* cou'd perform; He shook his Spear,
While Arrows, pregnant with Destruction, flew
Through the vast Void, sure Ministers of Fate.

The loud-hoarse Thunder menacing of Death
Pierces their Ears, their Tongues forget to speak,
And dastard Fear runs thrilling thro' each Vein.
Tho' Earth shou'd mock the careful Ploughman's Toil,
And Nature perish in one common Wreck,
My Muse shall ever sing *JEHOVAH's* Name,
Sole Lord of all, of Heaven and Earth Supreme.

F I N I S.

11630. c. 3
11

L A T I N
AND
E N G L I S H
P O E M S.

By a Gentleman of *Trinity College, Oxford.*

Nec Lufiffe pudet, sed non incidere Ludum. HOR.



L O N D O N:
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(Transcribed)